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THE WAY TO HEALTH

BY

REDDIE MALLETT

Author of "Nature's Way," "Poems from Beyond," etc.

'WE ARE MADE OR UNMADE AT THE TABLE'

WATTS & CO.,
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TO

PERCY R. CHAPPELL

**—WHO SUGGESTED THEM—
THESE SIMPLE TALKS ARE
DEDICATED**

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INTRODUCTION

IT may be that you have borrowed my little books, or have even purchased them. In either case I wish to regard you as a friend, and as one who has already accompanied me, to our mutual profit, on various preparatory saunterings. Let me assume this confidence between us, for I would rather not be a lonely man, leaving a gulf between me and my listener, when I talk with him.

Granting my whim, then, you will remember that hitherto our excursions have been brief, to meet public and economic needs in spreading a gospel far and wide ; now I invite you to join me on a longer road. Formerly we travelled in haste, taking the directest courses to our goal ; now we shall ramble at our leisure, digressing from the path whithersoever we choose. You responded cheerfully in our earlier trials, though the pace was brisk—for we were wayfarers bound by time ; therefore, as I would surpass my previous essays, let us go forth as freemen, heedless of any curb to our adventures.

And, as we wander, I shall be discursive in my conversation, purposely. It may be that you will weary of me, though I hope not. “Can you expect

INTRODUCTION

to gaze on prospects that are entirely new?" asked one before whom I had already laid my plans. "What more can you show, though you and I set out a hundred times?"

Friend, our years are spent in many a repetition—should they be shorter for that reason? Is there no pleasure in the daily waking because we have awoke ten thousand times before? The sunshine gilds your pillow just as it rested on your cot long years ago; would you complain of its monotony, nor love it still? If you will go with me, we shall perforce recross our steps—as travellers do, and yet with new delight; but scenes which we merely glanced at in the past shall be explored with fresh intent, to yield an ampler meaning to our minds. Have you the will to endure with me? Yes?—Then let us away.

CHAPTER I

The Problem

HEALTH A PRIZE FOR THE POOREST—OPPOSITION TO REFORM—THE PARTICULAR PREJUDICE OF HOUSE-WIVES—COOKING A CURSE OF CUSTOM—HEALTH THE FOUNDATION OF NATIONAL PROSPERITY—THE FIRST DUTY OF THE STATE—MEDICAL DECREES NO CURE FOR DISEASE—SUPPOSED INCURABLE DISEASES—THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRAINS—AN INCIDENT AT EXETER —THE EFFECTS OF DISEASE—THE RELIGIOUS DRAPER

Health a Prize for the Poorest

HEALTH—what is it? Very few of us know, because we go the wrong way to secure the prize. Can riches buy it? No, or millionaires would seldom die of stomach trouble. Nor is it generally the possession of the poor, although it may easily belong to a beggar. Health is the cheapest thing in the world, yet by folly it is caused to be incredibly rare.

Folly, I have said, for folly is a weakness with many aspects. There is the folly of ignorance and there is the folly of pride, which, united, bring forth the worst of our progeny of evils—the folly of obstinacy. There are some so cursed with this wicked child that they bring disaster upon themselves, with open eyes, if only to show their strength of character.

Why, I know not, but man would seem to be the only animal to resist reform. The lion was grate-

THE PROBLEM

ful to Androcles for the extraction of a thorn, but stones of ridicule are hurled at him who would free his fellow creatures from their woes. History is a sad reiteration of this truth, and when we were most religious we were most prone to burn our benefactors.

When I was a youth there fell into my hands a book on how to live well on sixpence a day ; but its gospel was not for me. I smiled, and passed on in the misery of biliaryness. What would I not give now to have heard that voice in the wilderness ? Certainly I have saved sixteen years out of a life misspent, but only after staggering through the valley of the shadow of death.

Opposition to Reform

The pace of the tortoise is lightning-speed compared with the rate of human progress. One out of a hundred millions will point the way to higher things, and we oppose him. Our self-interests serve us to the worst purposes ; our very prayers, if answered, would bring inevitable ruin. We feed while we are dying of gluttony ; we throw away the chance of rescue in an obstinacy which favours false ideas. The prophet is an intrusion upon our established dullness, and he dies disowned, though in a thousand years he may be recognized as one who was born before his time.

To-day we are in the twentieth century ; yet what impression has been made upon our habits of feeding since Cornaro wrote upon the wall, four hundred years ago ? Treatises on health are indeed becoming common—there is abundant industry in *printing gastronomic wisdom nowadays*, so that we might

expect to see some marked effect upon the multitude until we enter a restaurant, where from the customary bill of fare one may select a mess of foods sufficient to kill a hippopotamus. Why, the compositor who is setting up this type may be setting up some terrible disorder in his system, and, though he should transpose every word of the volume into letterpress, he would probably dispute each argument as he prepared it for the outer world. We should indeed be moral mortals, long ere this, judged by the mountains of sermons accumulated for our behoof—browse in a second-hand bookshop and admit the centuries of persuasion on its musty shelves.

Or suppose the unexpected to happen, and that this same compositor should be arrested by the pleading of a random page; imagine him, at the end of his day's labour, returning home filled with the enthusiasm of a new-dawned light—what would be his probable reception? "My dear," he would say to his wife—if he were still an affectionate compositor, though married—"My dear, I have found a means by which you can be freed from kitchen-slavery; a means which should grant us many an added year together." After a moment's consternation on her part, we can hear her likeliest retort: "John, what has come over you; what foolery is this that has been put into your brain? Haven't I cooked for you with the care of an angel; have you ever had cause to complain either of the quality or the quantity of your fare? If this is to be the reward for all my service, you had better get rid of me and find another who will as faithfully devote her hours to the comfort of

your stomach. Let us part ; but I should like to meet the man who has ruined us with his rotten notions."

Verily the way of the would-be rationalist is hard, and I still wonder by what artifice health-books are ever smuggled into women-ruled homes. Prejudice stands at the door as a stern janitor to forbid the entrance of things unorthodox. The obstinacy of man is pathetic enough, but the attitude of the average housewife towards matters of kitchenny is a phenomenon which stands alone.

The Particular Prejudice of Housewives

The comfort which comes from cookery is the kind which often kills. Women have been hung for poisoning their husbands by the administration of deadly drugs, but the law has as yet no power of indictment against those who prosecute slow murder in the fatal laboratory of the kitchen. Men will die for their faith, and women would perish in defence of their sacred pots and pans. Talk to them of their release from servitude, and they will mock the message of deliverance ; they hug their chains, fetching and lifting and stirring with a willingness deserving of a nobler cause. Though they be weary from foot to head, they support themselves with the ecstasy of cloistered nuns : to them cooking is a form of worship half divine.

Cooking a Curse of Custom

The very word *domesticated* is used in a contorted sense. To hear it we involuntarily fly in fancy to the temple whence issue most of the diseases which afflict the race. To keep the house in order, to

keep it in not *too much* order, to establish it as a cosy nest in which parent birds and fledglings dwell in love—a nest to which they turn from all their wanderings, and which they see in memory in after years; to be a gentle priestess from whom true spiritual influences radiate: this is not to be domesticated, as compared with the ability to *cook*! To have leisure for things that really matter, to cultivate the mind in a sphere of dignity, to fire the imagination of the young by the sight and sound of beauty, to be a builder in the structure of human progress, though it were but to lay a single stone of it, to renew the zest of life by contact with the open air and by a growing familiarity with the mightiness of nature, to take the fullest measure of what the world affords in joy by the use of eyes and ears and all the mortal senses which have such a little time for their employment before the veil of death bedims the wondrous view—this, with too many women, is of less account than to be the skilled concoctresses of messy meals. Oh! it is sad to think that their strength and wit are spent so generally in the back part of the house, in heat and steam and foolish waste, when their office should be to make and not to break the constitutions of their kin.

If we entertain a friend we feed him to his danger, or if we offer him raw simple food he may mistake our wisdom for an insult. In relation to our comparative superiority socially, how far do we differ from the native of Thibet who, invited to the table of a friend, must eat, in the name of good manners, until he vomits, or, if he cannot vomit, must go outside and pretend that he is sick?

Go where we will, there are difficulties in the way of gaining health ; illness we may get most easily. It might be imagined that our methods of feeding were set up as an institution purposely for the advancement of the quack and the undertaker, and that cooks were a confederacy on their behalf.

Only to-day my child has been asked to a children's party, and out of the intended gathering two of the kiddies will be absent ; they have anticipated the probable results by being already sick ; and at the first shop I visited this morning a youngster who should have been at school had been seized with nausea in the open street. Yet one seldom sees an animal disgorging what nature could not tolerate.

There are two things which a mortal deems most precious to his soul—his religion and his habitual food ; and were he driven by the last extremity to confess it, which of the two do you think he would forego ? For eating, with most, is an appurtenance of the soul as much as of the body. Into what state of rebellion should we not be thrown were we deprived of our national Sunday's dinner ? Would any spiritual influence—as in the morning's service—have power to control our bursting passions ? No beef, no greens, no batter pudding ; their very incense excited us by imagination, even as we thought the sermon far too long ; but in their place—*a dish of fruit !* Monstrous ; the house were Bedlam, in spite of the family loyalty to collects, litanies, and psalms. We could resign ourselves to the loss of a life-long friend, whereas our piety is not quite strong enough to say of our stomachs that their needs are second-

rate—an uncustomary meal would break down every barrier that had separated our high natures from the lowly brutes. Suppose, to account for the calamity just pictured, it had been a whim of the cook to dispense with cooking—but no, don't think of anything so awful.

How many wives have made themselves unwitting widows, how many children have been rendered parentless—could pen describe, or calculation put in figures, the devastation which has been wrought by this grim mania for spoiling food? It is, perhaps, the greatest hindrance to true civilization. It thwarts the well-being of our young; it brings decay to middle age; it defeats enterprise; it lies as a blight upon the expansion of the intellect; it dislocates the machinery of every department of human activity.

Health the Foundation of National Prosperity

Health, at bottom, is the foundation of a nation's power; how can it be otherwise? The monuments which still excite our wonder, though they be standing against the sky in ancient grandeur, or buried in the desert sands, are those which were well laid at the beginning, and of which the materials were compounded to endure. Time makes short work of shoddy; yet we, the authors of substantial beauty, are neglectful of the first principles which concern ourselves.

Statesmanship deliberates upon the problems of party administration; but the welfare of a people is far deeper down, and orators forget it. Governments spend millions on the treatment of disease after they have created the horrors they would suppress.

Created? Yes; by indifference to the fact, or by lack of understanding. We are living in these enlightened times, with the burdens of past centuries of ignorance and callousness pressing upon our shoulders as an intolerable weight. Nor has one to look back very far to be appalled by the conditions which were accepted with equanimity even by superior and Christian minds. It amazes me to realize that I was fourteen years of age when Parliament repealed an Act which allowed children not ten years old to spend their tender lives in factories. Not the children of the rich—they were free, to be nurtured as their parents willed; but the offspring of the poor, the offspring of the vast majority. They were the coming citizens who needed the most attention, because they were the most numerous; the State should have been most solicitous of them, for by them did not the nation live?

Just as the speed of a squadron is determined by its slowest ship, so is the strength of a nation supported or reduced by the condition of the masses. It is not in Bond Street that the economist will form his opinion of the majesty of England—veneer is thin, and may be stripped off in a single day; it is from Seven Dials, or the slums of any of our cities, that the student will collect statistics, those that confront the eye and wring the heart, and not the cold-type particulars contained in Blue-books or the prose of theorists.

The First Duty of the State

The poor should be the State's first care; they are its last. For our own security they should also

be the individual's anxiety ; but how many heed them ? They are the rock upon which we stand as a community ; but what if they be a rotten rock ?

The forces of law and order are drawn from the poor—should they not, then, be healthy, for our peace ? They form our armies, and one man of every three has some invalidating blemish—we dismiss him though we need his help ; he is unfit, most likely because his upbringing was against him. It may be that his forbears were *both* drunkards, or that their capacity to breed was fouled, or all but crushed from their constitutions, by the squalor of their surroundings and the penal servitude of inhuman hours of labour. I am not taking you away from modern times—they are too modern to seem possible in the light of the present day, bad as things are at this very hour. His parents lived when little more than babies slaved in factories. They might tell you of an era in which men tilled the earth or grovelled for coal beneath it, rearing deformities the while in unspeakable hovels, for the munificent emolument of a few shillings a week, the fruits of their cruel handiwork being physical exhaustion and spiritual annihilation, while from their propagation were released the pandemonium of disease, dissoluteness, and despair—the three elements of anarchy. Why, not so long ago the State itself *provided* degradation to its subjects by giving them the means of vice, and awful were the penalties it enacted for the repression of its own legislative crimes. Drunkenness was encouraged by the opportunity beckoning from gin-shops, nearly as numerous as dwelling-houses, the means of intoxic-

cation being regarded as a prime source of revenue!

But a country does not thrive upon its revenue alone ; we to-day are bearing the punishments which have been laid on us by a people's stunted growth in mind and body. The ignorance of past generations is inherited by us as surely as the possession of our arms and legs. We are born in sin—the sin of prejudice ; therefore we are disposed to the blindness, administratively and individually, which leads us towards sickness rather than sound health. The old men and women of to-day emerged from conditions which had been prepared by their rude ancestors, who in their turn had been cradled in a beastlier age.

Read history ; but seek it not in history-books. They give us dates and tell of wars and kings, intrigue and lust, revolts and tyranny, and the superficial pageants of what shone above a turgid stratum of debasement. To obtain a knowledge of the populace of any time turn to biographies, diaries, satires, engravings, and the pamphlets scattered through the centuries. Learn from Flower's *Life of Handel* how our England was degraded, and sigh for the lot of those whose fate it was to be ruled and robbed in this fair island less than two hundred years ago. Pick up a print by Hogarth, or stand before his pencilled mastery on canvas, and comprehend, if imagination can, the utter slough in which the masses struggled beneath the control and guardianship of sovereign and parliament, alike besotted. Or light upon this commonplace of Morland's day, while he exerted his genius to escape the terrors of a debtor's

prison : " You can get drunk here for a penny, or blind drunk for twopence." Such was the notice to be seen in London public-houses commonly—a sermon in itself, proclaiming our national demoralization ; a placard which millions read unmoved ; a sign permitted by the State, to the dishonour of its solemn office, in the nineteenth century of the years of our Lord.

We have much to be thankful for in that we can leave our homes for the theatre without the likelihood of being met by footpads on our return, if not upon the way, or that our pavements are no longer fringed by running filth, or that pestilence is not an abiding spectre in our midst. When I was a boy Bank Holidays were a disgusting orgy, so that decent folks might prefer to remain indoors. We have progressed since then ; even fifty years have cast a very different aspect upon our life. A sense of decency has lifted us, as a community, higher from the social quagmire in which our forbears hardly breathed ; and the masses, mostly by their own efforts, and in spite of Parliaments, have taken their destiny into their own hands. We are beginning to understand ourselves and the sources from which only true power can be derived ; we are beginning to gain that insight which teaches us to lead our rulers ; a light on which our rulers seize, when they be wise.

Yet, with the pictures of the past before us, and the confession of our ignorance upon our lips, what is there not to be done to purge us of our dark inheritance ? How shall we first proceed to lose the burden which still bears us down in crippled limbs and withered frames, in the sighs

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and groans of multitudes, who, by the rightful course of nature, should be revelling in this brilliant day of spring? From where I sit I look out upon the street; and the blossoms of laburnum, lilac, and the hawthorn sway in profusion on the glad-some air, and the woods are carpeted with bluebells—I walked amid acres of them yesterday—where the translucent leaves from tree and shrub are breaking with the impulse of a newgotten force: the urge of nature reanimating everything but man. The chorus of the birds—the persistent cuckoo dominating all—invited me to join the general joy; but I asked why those who should participate, by their claims of reason, to the fullest delight of what I saw and heard, were, for their failings, debarred in countless instances from even moving in their beds? Why was the race that needed every atom of its strength conspicuous among created things by its feebleness in *unsettled* health? Why were the institutions for the care of the sick so crowded; why was nearly every home a frequent prison to its inmates? How was it that I could not count upon a friend to tell me, for three short months on end, that he was still *quite* well? What enchantment held us in its spell that we should suffer, and yet refuse to question any method of escape?

Even as I write these lines a church bell tolls its summons to the pious town, for, in its obedience to convention, it should indeed be pure in heart and clean of skin. Yet in this small place of less than four thousand souls there are dark alleys and unsavoury dens where the decencies of to-day are scarcely possible to observe, where the children

are kept alive by the moorland air, where diphtheria and typhoid are often tempted to break out, and where a fixed bath would create consternation —who would dare to stand before a Council with such a monstrous proposition when the dwellers were poor working folks, long reconciled to their appointed lot? Still the bell beats on the evening air ; some, in gentility, pass this window, and it may be that a landlord is on his way to his God's house, to whose mind and pocket it would be an outrage were he expected to help his country by granting a wild innovation. Indifference comes of obstinacy ; the town might perish of dirt and fever, and then some godly people would not see the cause. The undertakers might be busy, the sexton might work overtime, outfitters might provide survivors with the usual black solace, and the burial service might comfort them with its promises of better things for those who had been summoned thence ; but sanitation and the chance to lie full length in water are matters which come last to those whose natures are disposed to false economy.

The public behave towards their bodies as if the *neglect* of health were the surest escape from disease. Should we be overtaken by illness, well, is there not the choice of two refuges, each a sanctuary from pursuit, just as in former times a fugitive criminal secured it within the precincts of a church or some other holy place? There is the hospital, and there are the premises of the medical man ; and so long as these two institutions are adequately provided health may take care of itself—why meet trouble half way?

THE PROBLEM

To be plain, millions in money are wasted annually on nothing more than tinkering experiments and unprofitable vagaries, and millions of lives are endangered in the process, when, for a tithe of the cost, the national physique might be built up, year by year, upon a clean and permanent foundation. Within a generation the number of hospitals could be reduced by at least two-thirds, while the vast army of practitioners might be almost entirely disbanded.

Medical Decrees No Cure for Disease

The appeal to public generosity is ceaseless, and the response is magnificent, on behalf of the suffering, who should be taught how to avoid their manifold miseries. Nor are their infirmities removed, in the main, whither they fly for succour ; that is the pathos of it. The inconsistencies and unreliability of medical decrees and notions are such that, though the doors of hope are opened, hope is denied to a large proportion of the multitude to whom the promise of salvation has been given. It were as if the storm-tossed mariner, lured by a light to safety, went to his death upon a reef which spanned the harbour's mouth ; or as if these words were engraven upon hospital-wall and medical-plate : "Come here to be cured ; but the following disorders are pronounced *incurable*, to date—"

How would you express your disappointment if, on sitting down to a hearty meal, the waiter presented you with a bill of fare which ran to this effect : "Soup, fish, beef, boiled vegetables, custard, stewed fruit, cheese ; *none of these*

provided, except the cheese"? What would you think of the management of that hotel, or of its honesty in doing business; would you go there again, or pay its charge without demur? Yet this is exactly the case of those who, when ill, trust to the wisdom which declares that they shall be made whole—they are offered cheese, an indigestible thing withal, and pay out money for a full-course feed. The ordinary commercial relations of our lives are not established on this principle; sharpers attempt it and then sometimes fail.

Supposed Incurable Diseases

The supposed incurable diseases are not a few—they are too many to warrant the asseverations of medical *science*, as we call it. Cancer is pronounced to be incurable, except by the knife in incipient cases—a statement which is wholly false, for only the removal of a cause can cure. Consumption, diabetes, arthritis—each is regarded as an unravelled riddle, while for each a cure is invented in some wildly lauded drug or serum. The source of common colds is admitted to be inexplicable, yet inoculations for their prevention are a popular prescription, for the time being. Constipation is as institutional in medical routine as are the hours of attendance for consultation; the doctor expects his patients to be cursed with it, and meets it with a counter curse as institutional and vile—that is, a purge, the harbinger of cancer, consumption, and general intestinal dislocation. To administer aperients for constipation is as fixed a regulation in hospitals to-day as it was, not long ago, to exclude ventilation from the

wards. I say that any science is unworthy of the word while its pretensions are ludicrous and its practice is destructive.

The question of a nation's health is so far-reaching that a wise government should base its efforts for the public weal upon this corner-stone of policy. Ministries and councils should act upon the truth that the sickness of each citizen is a first charge on the State, and that national bankruptcy must come to a decrepit people.

Vision and daring should be shown in a manner to take away the breath of old-time politicians. A wise government should realize that a tremendous clearance of conventions was necessary, and that a new order in procedure should be established. That which was first should be last, and the last be first. Health, and not the treatment of disease, should be the rock on which the edifice of power, prosperity, and peace should stand. The things which are not seen are eternal, and by the light of that truth the complex activities of a nation's well-being should be regulated and increased. The outward manifestations of culture and comfort should be displayed after, and not before, their means of expression had been made possible.

The Philosophy of Drains

Nowadays, *drains* are not usually presented to the eye—open sewers no longer bear putrescence through the streets—yet drainage is a more vital need than ever it was, although it is hidden from our sight. We see the effects of sanitation in the people's faces ; the results are shown in less disease and longer life ; children are spared to us who

otherwise would die, or fall upon our charge as deformities in body and mind ; insurance companies flourish, and undertakers think of other callings, death growing less and less familiar. We do not attribute our advancement to what has been placed as blessings *underground*, but the fruits are gathered in increasing happiness, and from happiness all else proceeds.

Are drains, however, the *first* consideration of our Councils, or do they deliberate preferably upon the outward features of their towns, the width of streets, the prominence of public buildings, illumination, and traffic ? Did you ever hear a mayor demand that not a penny more should be disbursed on what would attract attention to his borough, for its beauty, until the secret ugliness of its last remaining hovel had been removed ? Churches and cathedrals lift their buttresses and towers towards the sky ; we have enough for all the purposes of righteousness while believing we have need of more ; but the name of Christ is mocked so long as a single slum exists in Christendom. Do bishops say so in their sermons, though their headquarters of prayer and praise cast shadows on the deeper gloom of human misery beneath, as revealed in reeking alleys and loathsome tenements ?

An enormous mass of stone-religion is about to be completed in Liverpool ; its dimensions and surpassing characteristics are the subject of technical and general discussion in cosmopolitan journals ; but is not the cathedral a monument to our shame while the city harbours thousands who are physically rotting, and, spiritually, are as benighted

as the head-hunters of New Guinea? What is the mighty pile to you and me, with its largest organ in the world, its measurements of nave and transept, its choir and pulpit, or the chiselled work on wood and stone, when we know the degradation which is festering in miles of hopelessness and sin? Is a nation's progress aided by this contribution to its God, or rather by conferring upon its population the means of wider sanity through things that make the body sound?

Where is the root of the matter from which the right order of government proceeds? It is not in holiness, but wholeness; not in ritual, but self-respect; not in psalms, but social joy; not in litanies, but in light that falls direct from heaven. Let the boon of health be given to the people, let its blessings be the foremost care of Councils, or the embodiment of piety, as shown in the highest flights of masonry, must remain a sham, and programme-worship be no more than undiluted cant.

An Incident at Exeter

How sadly I still remember an incident of nearly forty years ago, when wandering within a stone's-throw of Exeter Cathedral. Close to its majestic walls—whence an avenue of dens contributed its quota of decrepitude and vice—I saw two children searching in the gutters for stray scraps of food, and on espying a mildewed orange among the garbage they darted for it together, like two ferocious animals—as, indeed, they were. The sight of what to them was luxury had in an instant revived the primeval instincts of the brute, and they would have fought for the possession of

such a prize had I not stayed their hands by the gift of a few half-pence, when, after staring at me for a moment, speechless, they ran away like creatures terrified. To have heard a friendly voice telling them to go and buy some Christian fruit, to have a soul take notice of them at all—it was too startling a visitation from the outer world, and they bolted, lest something more astonishing should happen.

Yet these were little children, whom Jesus suffered to come unto him ; they were the charges of the State, and, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, were permitted—nay, driven—to seek sustenance from the filth of the road. I said sustenance ; but is not *disease* more likely from decay ? This gutter quest, you may depend, was no mere prank of the little starvelings ; it was part of their daily hunt for food. But the cathedral service was in progress, Christ was being praised by printed rule, the rumble of the organ came faintly to me where I stood, appalled. Well-dressed men and women sought their pleasure in the High Street, carriages went by, drawn by horses that were fed and combed. Had the two waifs I frightened known a meal that day ; had their tortured skin been searched for lice ? The sun showered its glory upon the thoroughfares of awful contrast. Warm-hearted mothers and mechanical ecclesiastics were in that city in abundance, certainly ; but the crying need of misery was unheard by them, who failed to recognize the root of evil. The city life was tolerable ; there were cafés, concerts, theatres, music-halls, and a large variety of worship-houses to select from ; and if the

alleys stank, and an occasional murder caused surprise, or if an epidemic sought revenge, benevolence had provided funds for the distribution of coals, discarded garments, or, it might be, bread among the poor, at the partial hand of charity ; security was well assured in the persons of the police, while the sick were amply protected by a profession which had been created for their good exclusively. What more could be done, collectively and individually, for the betterment of one's kind ?

The tatterdemalions whom I saw would now be fifty years of age. Do you think they are alive to-day ? Is it likely that they freed themselves from the conditions into which they had been born ? Did hunger and wretchedness build them into sturdy citizens ? Did they draw purity of thought from the sink of their hourly lot ? Were they responsible for their demoralizing fate ? What was the world to their stunted intellect ? Were they trained to be cognizant of their rights and duties ? Did they derive an understanding of religion from the manner of its contact with them ? Did the State profit by their labour and have cause to be proud of them, or did they revolt against the settled institutions of what is known as civilization ? Judged by their sordid environment, they were a charge upon the administration of which they were its charges ; they discredited their kin ; and the grave has long since closed upon their shortened term, extinct as ancestors, nature being dried up in them, or the progenitors of a further impulse towards degeneracy. This is not statesmanship, while such a state of things is possible ; it is a

spendthrift policy, squandering both life and lucre. If both or either of those small incipient savages *did* step beyond the horrid bounds of squalor, if worthiness resulted from indecency, then a miracle had been performed ; but such miracles are rare, and throw the obverse picture into greater hideousness.

Forty years have come and gone since the incident of that summer afternoon. Countless eyes have looked upon the daily happenings of the streets, women have nursed children and thought them all the world, the cathedral and its satellites have been importunate in proffering salvation by stereotyped routine ; yet, were I once more to wander where I did so long ago, a scene of similar pitiableness would be witnessed in all likelihood. The soul goes slowly on the upward way.

Carlyle has told us much in his *Philosophy of Clothes*, and much might be learnt from a *Philosophy of Drains*. A fantastic notion ? Oh ? Was the plague of London a fantastic notion—was it not rather a ferocious retaliation for indifference and selfishness ? “ *Bring out your dead !* ”—a cry that echoed in the grass-grown streets ; was it sweet music to the ears of the survivors, who looked out upon the desolation of disease and knew not in what hour the summons to the grave might come to them ? Did the scourge cost nothing ; did its influence spread no further than the burial-heaps ? The City Fathers, who might have been responsible for the pestilence, have long since passed away ; but to how many innocent souls was left the inheritance of ruin ? “ *Bring out*

your dead!"—an awful cry which has impressed its record upon history, a cry which can be heard to-day in the pages of Defoe. The millions cast away in fighting the ravages engendered by folly might have been wisely spent in spreading wholesomeness ; but vested interests would have had to be appeased or fought, and the blindness of ignorance and parsimony blundered on till the cataclysm was reached ; nor had the scourge been extinguished but for the swift-succeeding fire. Short-sighted policies are always dear ; the consequences of London's plague touched the full circle of the globe.

The Effects of Disease

The one word *health* is, perhaps, the most comprehensive syllable of speech or pen. It determines nearly all our actions, or for the lack of it we fall back or waver in our schemes. It estimates the force or quality of the greatest or most trivial thing. Darwin would have found more enjoyment at his work but for a perpetual lassitude, while Spencer was denied the transports of a sound digestion, punished as he was by the stodgy fare of boarding-houses. Mozart, in his melancholy, conceived his *Requiem* at the imagined bidding of a ghost, and Chopin's genius moaned in the very vaults of death while he languished with George Sand in Majorca. The men were not *well* ; had they been, they and the world would have more greatly benefited. Handel wrote *Saul* in a couple of months, whereas *Jephtha*, when his strength had failed, took more than thrice as long. What is the barrier that stands between hosts of men and fortune, but ill-health ? The heavenly voice of Schubert, stilled

by a stroke of typhus in his thirty-first year ; Goldsmith, cut off at forty-two ; Kirke White, smitten down when little more than a boy ; Keats, silenced while his youth was soaring to the pinnacle of poetry, for men to wonder at through centuries hence—can it be said that the world has not been robbed of the full measure of their powers, when such preciousness was snatched from us and hidden in the unresponsive grave ?

I write a letter to a friend, and with a headache I may ask indulgence for its faults. An appointment may be made with me, and sickness cancels it. The youth behind the counter is an asset to his master or a discount from his income—astute employers cannot afford to keep their servants whose stamina is under par, while he is a fool as well as a brute who cares not for the bodies of those who labour for him. Health is a good investment, regarded from any point of view.

The Religious Draper

Years ago I stayed at the house of an enterprising and religious draper, a man whose business motto was Small Profits and Quick Returns, as one was made aware by a sign of four gold capitals above his premises—S. P. Q. R. He had set out to make the best of both worlds—having, perhaps, read a then-popular book to that purport by the Reverend Binney—and in any case was determined to make sure of the material benefits accruing to the present life. His goods were far from cheap for their quality, and he spoke of his Lord with the familiarity of a boon companion. He speculated on the Stock Exchange, but a saint might have gambled

in those days—it was an age of pure hypocrisy. That his wife had nothing but contempt for him may be scarcely apposite to my story ; but it was so, and I could see that he secretly admitted the fact. He conducted a Bible Mission Hall, possibly as an advertising adjunct to his week-day trade, and as his guest I was lured upon the platform on Sunday afternoons to sit among the righteous with such modesty as self-consciousness allowed. I can see him now, as he called upon his audience to rally round the Book of Life, and by the jingling in the collecting-plates I guessed that his Sabbath venture was safe, at all events, for *financial* quick returns. He subsequently sold the sacred institution to a Music Hall Syndicate, when his returns, in a lump sum, were quicker still ; the scene of his pious exhortations became the home of vulgarity and worse—so well was this gas-light of grace making the best of both worlds.

Some of his assistants lived over the shop. They were probably apprentices, whose parents or guardians paid money down for an experience in S. P. Q. R. and semi-starvation. Wan, weary girls, their aspect fitted them for only one branch of the concern—the *mourning* department. Religion had not made them sad ; they saw its hollowness ; underfeeding was the worm in the bud of the cheeks that had been rosy, rightfully ; inanition was what he sowed among his helpless underlings—where were the profits from such cruel returns ?

At meals the poor creatures sat apart from us ; a special table was reserved for the master, his wife and child, and the visitor, myself ; special

food was also ours. For those who would be on their legs all day cheap butter, white bread, and weak-swilled tea sufficed as breakfast-fare—this was the fuel calculated to maintain activity *and civility* through the bustling hours of a draper's forenoon, while we who could command our leisure were regaled with the customary eggs and bacon or occasional kippers, with buttered toast, and marmalade. Dinner was a shabby feast—as shoddy as the counter-goods below ; and tea was but the duplicate of breakfast. Womanhood, from such treatment, would become old age, dependent upon the charity of friends, or to linger within the walls of hospitals ; could *value* be expected from the work of these anæmic menials ? As mothers—and even drapery assistants marry, or hope to do so—what could they give to the community but an impoverished brood, the capacity for producing healthy citizens having been worn down ? Do you realize the burden to the State, and the obstacle to human progress, created by the grasping will of one who sold his Master with his servants' lives ?

Once I remonstrated with him—eggs and bacon had lost their charm—I would rather be fed as the others were. The worthy man was scandalized ; I was talking rubbish ; could I name a business house wherein the indoor hands had better food ? Thus I had touched a clue to much of the misery among the race. It is easier for a camel to go though the *Needle's Eye* than for an unscrupulous draper to drive a bargain with heaven ; but multiply the force of this particular instance by ten thousand times, include the number of schools, refuges, sanatoria, asylums, nursing homes, and hospitals

THE PROBLEM

in which the dietary is stinted or unsuitable, and a deep insight will be gained into the causes which act as broken cogs in the machinery of our national life. Statistics show that through illness millions of hours are wasted by the working classes alone each year, hours which should properly be spent in happy work, and by the loss of which commercial enterprise is hampered ; remember that a vast proportion of the people's sickness is preventable, and the philanthropist will have good reason for exhorting statesmanship to check the paralysing influence of disease.

But how shall the problem be attacked at the root ; how can a clearing be made in the jungle of ideas, so that the sweet image of Health may be seen standing unobscured in all its graceful outlines ?

CHAPTER II

Primary Considerations

THE DIFFICULTY OF PERSUASION—GENERAL IGNORANCE ON HEALTH MATTERS—THE PENALTIES OF CONVERSION—HEALTH A SIMPLE ART—LESSONS FROM ANIMALS—OUR FEAR OF STARVATION—NATURE THE TRUE HEALER—THE EPIC OF THE “TREVESSA”—A CONTEMPTIBLE PICNIC—THE QUESTION OF FLESH-FOOD—DIET APPLIED TO CIVILIZATION

The Difficulty of Persuasion

PERHAPS the chief difficulty will lie in persuading the public mind that health and disease are simple abstracts ; that is to say, health should be considered as a state to be attained and maintained, and disease as a condition to be remedied, by perfectly simple means ; and that in so far as simplicity is departed from in relation to either, so far will the one be hindered and the other be aggravated.

Very little calm reflection is brought to bear upon the means and causes of either state, because, in the first place, the structure, application, and care of the human apparatus are subjects of which there is an almost universal lack of knowledge.

A boy or girl leaves school to embark upon the great adventure of life like an explorer who sets out to conquer continents dressed only in his undervest—his protection against heat and cold, his defence against wild animals and hostile tribes, his scientific instruments, and all else that should

make an explorer's outfit having been overlooked !

Parents, being ignorant themselves, or, having knowledge, being too diffident to impart it, bring up their children in a way they should *not* go ; the expanding intellect is left to ponder, unenlightened, upon the mysteries which are vaguely hinted at through the senses as they are awakened in the growing frame. Little or no account is taken of the varying phases which mark the development of mind and body, as if childhood and puberty were simply the upward inclination of a perfectly straight line and not an involved diagram of curves and breaks and abrupt delineations requiring the astutest judgment in their deciphering, like hieroglyphs of which one has to find the clue.

And so, as the changes of the years evolve, and Nature compels our passions for her eternal ends, the untaught unit stands bewildered in the human throng, ready to be allured by all that dazzles the excited eye ; for Nature, as if in furtherance of elemental laws, withholds reason from us at a time when we should need it most. The captivated sight discerns no danger on the path that overhangs a precipice ; a flower is sought without suspecting poison in its perfume. Youth is rash, or there would be less misery in the world. It is *after* disillusion that remorse sits down with us and points out where our folly lay. How often do we hear of those who were betrayed upon the very threshold of their homes because the book of knowledge had been clasped and chained, as Bibles were when spiritual darkness was the edict of the priest. There is a fearful responsibility in the rearing of the young, and to that responsibility

parenthood is practically blind. We let our offspring stray, and of the flock that is unattended many will be lost to wolves. Alas that such an accusation should be put in type ; but it is true, and truth must be proclaimed, however harsh it sounds.

General Ignorance on Health Matters

Thus, should we get so far as adolescence—and a miracle has happened if we do—we set about life's tasks still ignorant of what we *are*. Turned adrift into the crowd, we follow it and imitate its customs, as recruits obey the motions of a drill-squad. We see with what agitation the crowd regards the matter of health, with what determination it feeds four or five times a day, lest the earth should be littered with the faint or dying ! The enigma of *panic* is a study in psychology—how hosts may be possessed by the spirit of fear for no accountable reason—and in no wise is it more pronounced than in its relation to gorging as the safeguard of health.

By example on every hand it is the law to eat, eat, eat ; an inflexible law, imposed upon our minds though all other laws be overlooked. Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control, these are the virtues that lead indeed to sovereign power ; but are they accorded their true place in the shaping of our destinies compared with the importance of not missing a meal ? Should one of the herd fall down from sheer exhaustion in his efforts to be strong—brought to the ground by his vigour to keep well—is he not surrounded by those who vie with each other in presenting—what? Not *air*, for the want of which he may be suffocating, nor *rest*,

which would reanimate him ; no, it is brandy, or broth, or what is known as a good square meal. "Hurry," cries the crowd, "put nourishment to his lips, or he will surely die!" Is there one among the concourse with the courage to wave them back, exclaiming : "Be off, you dolts ; the man will die by your attentions!"?

Such is the attitude of the world at large ; there is neither sanity nor order in the comprehension of what health *is*, and by what simple rules its equilibrium can be maintained. All is distraction and contradiction, because ignorance concerning it is our misleading guide.

Or how is it at home, in judging health and treating sickness ; or are we made much wiser should we invoke the outside counsel of the wise ? The boys, if they remain in the family circle, must have a hearty breakfast before they proceed to business—suppose they fainted in the train or bus, lacking the usual family fare? Whether their work is to be active or sedentary, they will devour their meals with equal voracity—they had eaten nothing since the night before ! Their parents would be alarmed were the lads to go forth gay but *breakfastless* ; sisters, if any, would wonder if their brothers were in love, while the servants would conclude that their young masters had become demented.

The Penalties of Conversion

Or imagine that the family, by some strange happening, had embraced the gospel of common sense ; what would be their guerdon for so remarkable a change of habit? Could they dare to be pointed at by friends aloof as a lot of cranks?

Could they hope to see the old-time faces round the table? Could hospitality consist of *uncooked* food? Could good feeling be provoked by oranges or luscious grapes? Could laughter be sustained on salads, nuts, and wholemeal bread? Would domestics stay beneath the roof where the kitchen work had been reduced and the nostrils were no longer soothed by the scent of roasting beef and boiling greens? Society would scorn such rebels; they would become the butt of acquaintances and menials; isolation would be their lot, and relatives might consort to disinherit them. The unfrequented road is rough; the pricks of custom are exceeding hard.

Nor need one go beyond the walls of one's own house to learn that questions of diet will create divisions as acute as those aroused by religious speculation or political fanaticism. I know of two members of a family who are at daily variance over the monumental issue as to whether lemon juice is acid or alkaline by reaction—that is, by absorption in the system. The champion of lemon juice has, by its use, gained a new outlook on life, as her fresh cheeks and glistening eyes denote; yet the other, as if in spite, denies the evidence so manifest. Thus a household feud has been evoked, and a contemptuous Capulet taunts her long-suffering Montague at every meal for no other reason than that a new idea has been presented to convention.

Health a Simple Art

Health must be made an intricate affair; that it is a simple art is a suggestion to be scorned. Meals must not only be too large and too many,

but they must be divided into established courses, so that by the time the programme has been finished the stomach has received a pretty mess.

You remember how Andrew Marvell, when approached by an ambassador of Charles the First in the hope of buying the poet's allegiance with a bribe of a thousand pounds—you remember how the incorruptible Puritan called his servant, and asked : "John, what did I have for dinner to-day?" "Cold mutton, sir." "What did I have yesterday?" "Cold mutton, sir." "And what the day before?" "Cold mutton, sir." The ambassador departed, convinced that one who lived so frugally could never be seduced.

But think of it ; *cold mutton* for three successive days ; would a city clerk endure such purgatory ? Yet Marvell kept body and soul together, through simplicity—was it not, perhaps, the source of that clear will which threw the gauntlet down to tyranny ? What jests must have burst from Cavalier lips as the story went its round ; but in the end laughter was turned to wholesome fear. And to-day so mean a dinner would be greeted with derision ; what is cold mutton without the embroidery of soup and sweets, and seasoning sauce ?

Our canaries thrive on seed, a little sand, and a sprig of groundsel, if we don't forget it ; nor do they deny their glorious song because we do not kill them with variety. For such monotony *we* should curse the sun that sheds its beams upon their yellow plumage ; from such monotony come eyes, and claws, and fluttering wings, and all that animates their lively being ; through such monotony

springs ecstasy that should cause us to bow our heads in shame did we but realize our thanklessness for blessings ill deserved. Brave little creatures ; what can they find worth living for without a sumptuous bill-of-fare ?

Lessons from Animals

In my garden are two young tortoises ; they feed, as far as I can see, on grass and leaves and creeping things. Their beady eyes betoken an intelligence ; they seem to know my daughter when she talks to them. But what a *diet* to produce such interesting animals ! Observe their domed and plated armour, hard as stone ; examine its symmetrical design, its hinges, and ingenious folds, enabling the whole structure of the body to progress. Such hardness and intricate artistry are possible from herbage and insects—does it seem credible ? I take them in my hand, and they utter a faint squeak. Is it a protest against their natural food ? I feel humiliated as I put them on the lawn again, and know that I, for all the choice of luxuries my station offers me, have no more strength nor healthiness, relatively, than they.

The dragon-fly that will soon be poising and flashing above the Dartmoor pools, its flight too swift for human sight to follow, its gauzy wings vibrating with inconceivable rapidity ; the beetle, possessed of power that makes our own ridiculous by comparison ; those insects which, had they our bulk, would overleap St. Paul's at one easy bound —they live by Nature's dictates, so that we seldom find them faulty in construction ; nor do they commonly die of *indigestion*, as we do.

In untenanted houses I have seen flies, which the sun has summoned from holes and crevices, swarming against the windows for the warmth of a bright spring day. How do they exist at all in places that have known no food for months, perhaps? They perish in the end, if there be no escape for them; but the marvel is that they survive so long on nothing that our eyes can see. One thing is sure: they do not die of *surfeit*, as is our frequent fate. Unless we follow breakfast with lunch, and tea with dinner, and observe the rule for years without a break—unless ill health compels a pause—we are voted strange and underfed, although we, too, have wonderful capacity for sustaining life. Considered generally, the animal and insect world is conspicuous for its abstemiousness, or, at least, for its perfection in assimilating food.

Walk in the woods, and watch the minute myriads disporting in the air or moving amid the vegetation; hosts of them scarcely visible. Yet from how many do we find one which cannot fly, or spring, or run, although designed to do so? On the contrary, they are fitted to perform the functions for which and by which they came into existence in order to perpetuate their species. We are astounded by their marvellous mechanism and endurance; but how many of us could run a mile at fifty years of age without the chance of sudden death, when a man should then be properly a youth?

If the lessons of civilization and experience were rationally applied, we should be among the briskest and shapeliest of animals, whereas a really graceful person is a rarity, to be stared at, instead of passing as a commonplace. An average gathering of

humanity makes but a poor show of beauty ; cannot we see, in the length of any street, such faces and figures as suggest caricatures ? Or, if we visit a zoological garden, do we not recall the startling resemblance of its captives to their onlookers, till it may be said that the genus is merely distinguished by the intervening cages ? Breeding is not wholly responsible for the similarity.

Our Fear of Starvation

Observe the gross feeder and how he resembles the show-fed pig ; his countenance, his deportment, his bulk, pronounce him a deformity, a travesty of the human form *divine* ! But we are not shocked at his distorted outline, though we may laugh at it ; we are accustomed to what should fill us with disgust. Or were he ordered to subsist upon a meal a day, or only three meals in a week, to save him from some awful end, sympathy would be aroused on his behalf ; we should pity the poor fellow for being starved to death.

Starved, did I say ? Believe me, starvation is a difficult process—to attempt it would prove the recovery of millions from disease. A cat gets into a refuse-bin, and, after a month with neither food nor drink, is found, is given a little milk, and crawls away. In spite of its unsavoury imprisonment, lack of room, and little air, the animal survives—supported, we might say, by nothing but what its own body supplied. An African native, shooting game, is rendered sightless by the explosion of his fowling-piece ; for a month he staggers through the bush mutilated, blind, and in agony, stumbling and falling in his distraction against the obstacles

that lay in his treacherous path ; yet when he is found he is alive, while his wounds show signs of healing. What could he have eaten in that time, under such dreadful circumstances ? Shut your eyes while wandering in a forest, and say what *you* would trust yourself to eat.

We read how sometimes miners are entombed, passing weeks, it may be, with darkness and the chance of slow or instant death ; they are rescued, and among them are those who refuse to be carried to their homes, but walk there unassisted. Not weeks of lying in comfortable beds, with clean linen, open windows, and the revivifying smiles of pretty nurses, nor with the pills and pap which are accepted as the only steps to restoration, though they impede it. They are weeks wherein the count of time is lost, weeks of unending night, of inaction and contracted limbs, of gnawing hunger, and the thoughts that tempt men to despair ; yet these undaunted spirits live out their torment, and their fare is their own fat and tissue !

Oh, but they had no choice ; they were trapped, and could not help themselves. True, and by reason of their dreadful plight they had a greater incentive to die—the very *waiting* was enough to madden them. How could the flame of life keep burning, denied not only food but any peace of mind ? *Our* mental peace is harassed, on the contrary, more by what we get by simply reaching for it than by what we cannot get. Circumstances such as seemed to those poor fellows an eternal hell have been unknown to you and me—let us be grateful for our escape ; yet, by long years of indiscretion, though every means of health were purchasable,

thousands upon thousands are brought to their end at last, crippled, corrupted—yes, and even starved, by overfeeding or wrong feeding.

At a public meeting I made acquaintance with a man who had been in the navy. He was wrecked in the Red Sea while chasing gun-runners. For a fortnight he and his boat's crew wandered over a waste of sand with nothing to eat but dates—not *mostly* dates, but *only* dates. It was not a case of little food of some variety, but of a single source of nourishment for an uninterrupted fortnight.

You will assume that after fourteen days of this restricted fare the party were at their last gasp as they came upon a human settlement. By no means ; they were fit as fiddles, as he put it, and in his own case he had never felt better in his life. What was the secret, but that the absolute simplicity of diet had saved them? To have fed on the ship's promiscuous provisions would have cut short the adventure, in all likelihood, considering the conditions under which it was pursued.

But, think you, did that man profit by his experience, did he select simplicity in feeding after he had been restored to civilization and its intricate dietary? I put the question to him ; his answer was an expansive smile. No ; he never felt better than when his digestion had been perfected by the supply of only one kind of fuel, but it was too much to expect that he could renounce the delights of established table-customs when he mixed once more with the everyday crowd. Birds may live on seed and silk-worms on the mulberry leaf, but man was surely never made to forego the good things of the earth, nor to refrain from turning them to poison?

Could you find one out of your many friends who would not argue thus, quoting a ready text, perhaps, to put the subject beyond cavil?

Although we see that animals live generally on food of the same kinds, as far as those kinds apply to particular species, and although we know that they have not yet invented kettles and saucepans, we act as if it were our especial privilege to mix any variety of food at our meals, contaminating our nourishment by its insane treatment, and yet to derive health from methods which can only produce disease. How do we know that the glands and juices, co-operating in the digestive process, are capable of sorting nourishment from the mess which is usually put into the stomach? Confusion becomes worse confounded, the apparatus is disordered, and then we wonder *why* we feel so queer. This promiscuousness in feeding is one of the chief causes of disease; I have ample evidence to support the fact.

Now, as the most terrible afflictions can be cured by confining the body to a single source of nourishment, is it not reasonable to grant that fitness may be maintained upon the simplest diet? That the system, strained by the effort of Nature in throwing out impurity, should not be burdened further by the effort of assimilation, is rational in theory and astonishing in practice; nay, there are occasions when it would be wise to leave the treatment of disease to Nature's care entirely—by doing nothing on our part.

Nature the True Healer

What, give neither food nor drink to one lying *in extremis*, and turn away while Death is waiting at

the door? Yes, under certain circumstances it is the only thing to do in offering any hope of rescue. Sometimes to such an amazed inquiry I would answer, paradoxically : "*Let him die—and he will recover!*" It might be laid down as a rule that in proportion to the seriousness of a case so should any interference with Nature be proportionately less. Our help is frequently *not* needed ; we often kill in our anxiety to save.

Mind you, I am not speaking without deliberation, nor without proofs to give my lips bold utterance. In sickness there are crises when the nurse should keep her hands from every man-made remedy, when she should not even touch the patient's bedclothes, nor whisper in the silent room ; a more experienced nurse than she requires but one thing for the sufferer's ease—the strength that comes from undisturbed repose. Oh ! if we could only realize the wonders that are worked by sleep.

Think of it, a week or a fortnight of forgetfulness, a hundred and sixty-eight hours, or twice that time, of peace and comfort to the stomach—what a blessed pause. Not so very long either, judged by the manner in which Nature achieves her ends, but an eternity to us who itch to be always putting something to our mouths. To let the mind sink into sweet oblivion, to let the blood flow gently in the veins, to free the heart from burdens, to rid the functions of distress, to cleanse the frame by reason of this respite—if we but only knew the value of this precious boon, and the wisdom of non-interference, how many would be spared to us who now lie underneath the sod.

But we are creatures of fear, because of our ignorance. When we are sustained in health we impose our false ideas upon Nature's kindly laws ; when we are sick her healing powers are tampered with, as if it were not enough to turn a key which is intended for its lock, but that we should use a different key, in shape and size impossible for the purpose, while persisting in the face of reason that it fits. We have no courage at the bed of sickness, just as we have no judgment in the time of health.

I was once in a house where a little girl lay seriously ill ; the poor child was punished for the faults of others—she was overfed. What would I do, the mother wildly asked. *Nothing*, I replied ; and for a week that little body had what it had never known before—a week of *inattention*, so far as feeding was concerned. Long before the time had fled the house was clamorous with protests ; relatives and friends were alike indignant, predicting awful consequences for the mother's folly in listening to my counsel. After three days I was a wretch, the child would die, and manslaughter would be the crime for which I should pay the penalty. The child slept most of the time, vomiting ceased, the fever abated, and colour replaced the pallor of her cheeks. Orange-juice was the only nourishment that passed her lips, and because she was not worried incessantly with even so little the wiseacres around me saw nothing in their minds but death. Nature on that occasion was the trusted nurse, by whose soft touch the little sufferer was cured. At the end of the week the child was bright, singing for joy and singing for food : the damage done to her had been repaired, by *rest*.

But what if the mother had been persuaded from her confidence in what I had advised ; what if I had yielded to the others' protests and forebodings, in spite of my convictions ; what if the child had died, purged and papped and constantly disturbed by the usual methods known as nursing—who then would have been blamed ? Nobody ; it would have been attributed to some inscrutable decree of providence ; and one more childless mother would have been consoled by words which wandered from the naked truth.

The Epic of the "Trevessa"

When the *Trevessa* went down in the Indian Ocean there followed an adventure which will live for ever among the annals of the sea ; such a story of heroism and endurance as would do more good for the cause of health than a thousand treatises, if only the well-fed would remember. For twenty-one days in one boat, and for a day longer in another, the crew drifted in their hope of succour with provisions which gave each man a biscuit and a spoonful of condensed milk as his daily share. Crowded together in their small craft, with little chance to sleep, subject to storm and calm, and the uncertainty of their fate, ill clothed against exposure, drenched by the spray and rain or scorched by the torrid sun, their thirst assuaged by what drink they captured in a tin, searching the horizon for a sail from the first ray of dawn till the night closed over them once more—in such conditions did these noble fellows spend three weeks undauntedly, and when at last help came to them they still had strength to cheer their rescuers, although the cheer was faint.

A biscuit and a spoonful of milk per man per day for three-quarters of a month ; during such an epoch, as it must have seemed to them, did these human bodies keep alive on a quantity of food which would have been judged insufficient for a half-week's rations for you and me. Let us hear no more about starvation in the houses of the well-to-do, where the sick are feared to be dying if food is withheld from them for more than an hour at a time. If only the story of the *Trevessa* were told in print on the walls of every dining-room, grumblers might cease to complain of their blessings which allow them *overmuch* to eat and drink. The urge of Nature is to prolong existence, and on very little ; the tenacity of life is well nigh inextinguishable.

A Contemptible Picnic

Last week I accompanied friends in a picnic on the Cornish coast. Arrived at a quiet spot beneath the cliffs, we unpacked our respective baskets—for what is the first thing to do at a picnic but to commence to eat? From serviettes and grease-proof paper my companions disclosed not chicken, nor ham, nor potted tongue, nor lobster-paste ; there ! was it a picnic at all when tomatoes and brown bread made their meal ? Nothing savoury, nothing bilious, nothing to cause spots to float before the eyes, nor to create a headache and an afternoon of flatulence—away with such a picnic, wanting these accompaniments.

My own repast was equally ridiculous, comprising muscatels, brown bread, and oranges. Somehow the scenery was not marred by our absurdity ; the coast-line was as splendid as before,

the incarnadine sea was still incarnadine, the surf flashed beneath the sun in silver streamers, the waves made music, and the breeze brought joy—nothing was changed in Nature because our food was different from what was usually eaten on those broad sands ; our food, as food, was not really strange, it merely *seemed so* to the orthodox.

One of my friends explained the reasons for his conversion to simplicity, although he had no need to do so. I had seen him four months before, when he could scarcely stand, drawn to a shadow by pneumonia and pleurisy. For a while he lay in a critical condition, and in his weakness his thoughts turned to a means of regaining health without recourse to misnamed cures. He resolved to start anew through a rigid change of diet, and simplicity should be the anchor to which he would hold. In four short months this metamorphosis had come about ; he was able to pass his days in profitable activity, and to find enjoyment even in tomatoes and brown bread.

The sight of our luxuries would have provoked hilarity in passers-by, no doubt, but the advantage lay with us. There was sound digestion for my friends, in merely tomatoes and brown bread ; for myself, in muscatels and oranges ; and for the car that took us there and back, in petrol. Simplicity had won the day.

Why will the crowd refuse to consider any proposition save from the popular point of view? Why should their judgment be correct because it happens to be popular? Why, too, is prejudice most pronounced against those movements which aim at the greatest good? Why should the fruits

of the earth be regarded with scorn, and meat be held up—literally to the mouth—as the sole foundation of our power? Can courage come only from the carnal; is enlightenment impossible but through the channel of wrong feeding?

Imagine the arrival of a stranger to this country. He had never before seen meat, nor had he the slightest notion of our peculiar methods of eating. Having tasted nothing but natural food hitherto, he looks round for sustenance consistent with his native habits, whereupon his difficulties begin. He learns that the English stew their fruit, boil their vegetables, and make of each meal a dangerous hotch-potch. Supposing him to keep a diary, or to write home to his compatriots, he would say: “I am living with a curious people; nearly everything they eat is spoilt by cooking; the waste of food and the waste of health are inconceivable, yet one is laughed at if he eats his victuals raw!” How, then, would this foreigner prove more stupid than ourselves—indeed, *could* he be more foolish? The popular view is often wrong, as it certainly is in England, in regard to diet.

The Question of Flesh-Food

When I refer to meat you must not think that I am prejudiced against it in spite of facts. Flesh-food has supported life for countless ages; a vast proportion of the animal kingdom subsists upon it still, and will continue to subsist upon it for ages yet to come. Over certain portions of the globe it is the chief or only means of sustenance. The myriad inhabitants of the sea are mostly flesh-eaters, varieties of birds are carnivorous, and we

know that the denizens of the wild are commonly each other's prey. It would be folly to deny this truth. How could this teeming life survive if flesh-food had no nourishment? But in reviewing the question of meat as a food for civilized man we must admit conditions which do not apply to animal and human species in a state of nature.

The North American Indian lived through the rigours of his winter, sustained by flesh which had been dried in the open air. You and I could live upon it, were we also to live in the open air. We should derive strength from such food, would we but eat it plain. The Indian lived in moving settlements ; our lives are fixed. Roofs cover *us*, and for too long in the day ; nor do we sleep where the prairie winds are free. He hunted for his food ; ours is *brought* to us at home or in a restaurant—we scarcely move in order to be fed. Constant exercise with him assured digestion ; our limbs are scarcely utilized. We are carried more than we carry ourselves ; we clothe the skin to shut out ventilation ; we are caged creatures, so to speak—caged by the order of convention. We are not fair to our food, and that is why it punishes us.

Nevertheless, to those who like flesh-food—and it is often difficult to avoid it, admitting the conditions under which we live—where are the obstacles to its rational treatment? Is it impossible to satisfy one's needs with, say, a cut from a joint, and to protect it from sauces, custards, puddings, and the usual concomitants which destroy the nourishment in meat? There is a way even to get bodily profit from it, granting a modicum of will, in spite of environment and false ideas.

Travelling by express to London recently, I asked the dining-car attendant if he could cook me a chop—I knew the train-lunch would be hopeless for me. “Just one,” he replied, and in time it came—with nothing else. The orthodox around me were regaled with fourteen different articles of food and drink, after which they staggered along the corridors to their carriage seats, for the food-confusion in their stomachs to be stirred and fermented till the end of the journey, by the oscillation of the train. *They* had what they considered to be nourishment, which I interpreted as gaseous discomfort ; my meal benefited me, theirs sowed the seeds of misery.

There is little to find fault with in a meal consisting of meat and fruit, or meat and salad, with good brown bread, providing that no other course be added—for the fruit, say muscatels or raisins and an apple or an orange. Why not leave well alone ; why crave for superfluity ? When a couple of plates will hold all we require, must we grumble because tureens and dishes are not in evidence ? It is better to rise from the table unburdened than to quit it with a pain inside.

After all, there are folks who will follow an example, though it be a good one. We are creatures of curiosity ; the most trivial incident will attract a crowd. While staying at an hotel in Lewes, my landlady agreed to supply my outlandish wants ; I had a small table to myself, and it made the prettiest show in the dining-room. For a few days the display of oranges, apples, cherries, plums, dried fruits, and nuts, or green-red salads, was looked at askance by those who

passed me on their way to duller fare ; but it was not long before I noticed bright-coloured food like my own on various other tables, and that smiles of amusement were supplanted by the cheerfulness of appreciation. Nor did I hear of any extra sickness in the town as the result of my mute appeal to common sense. The gospel I had introduced was *new* ; my converts had been drawn by curiosity to prove its truth.

Diet Applied to Civilization

Now, were you to ask whether meat is *necessary* for the support of the human frame, I should answer in the negative. Certainly it is among the most digestible of foods, but it contains no elements of nourishment which are not also possessed by fruit and salad-vegetables. The consumption of meat is not demanded of us, even for the hardest physical and mental labour, and it might be said that we are better without it, proportionate to the stress of civilization. As we become more and more remote from the savage, so should we be content with a diminished strain upon digestion. The more complex our lives become—in the ramifications of the modern struggle for existence—the simpler should be our modern bills-of-fare. In other days every function of the body was employed ; to-day we are threatened with atrophy in some respects, for, though we are busy in the search for wealth and pleasure, our industry is unevenly distributed.

A man may travel about the city the whole day long ; but how does he travel ? Does he climb hills, or cut a path through the jungle ; does he

pull at an oar, or scour the plain on the back of a horse? Instead, the train or a bus or a taxi takes him ; but he complains of fatigue for the travelling that was done for him—he is tired for having done so little. It may be that his mind was busy, fluttering excitedly over shallow things ; but what had he done to arouse the gastric functions, or lungs, or limbs, from a state of torpor ?

Or if he takes to sport he does so without preparation—*spurt* would be rather the word to use. After a day crouched over a desk he may dance into the hours of early morn, or spend hours on end fiercely beating a ball over—or into—an out-stretched net ; then he feels played out because his play was more in the nature of madness. His muscles are not trained ; he is undisciplined to continuous effort ; he is like an engine of which two or three of its parts are run violently while the rest of the machinery is rusting to decay. A rural postman, rather—one who tramps twenty miles a day, through all the seasons—he has the legs to straightway mount the Matterhorn ; not the sedentary worker, who quits the counter to wrestle with the giddy Jungfrau.

Civilized man is an unbalanced creature ; his sense of smell, upon which he depended for so much, has almost gone ; his eyes have lost their old-time range, and, if he does not instinctively grasp his club at the faintest sound behind him, as of yore, he lacks the sinew and alertness of his uncouth forbear, who could, or was obliged to, eat meat raw, and, with his mouth full, as often happened, dodge round a boulder or climb a tree in a race with some primeval monster. The aboriginal

Briton worked *all over*; the existing Britisher is a thing of fits and starts and ill-regulated adjustments; therefore it were better for him to put flesh-food aside, or take it very moderately.

For several reasons I would not advise flesh-food for one who does not live the life of a savage. It is highly concentrated, therefore it tends to irritate the nervous system. The sufferer from indigestion should diet in a manner to soothe his stomach; one with a weak heart should not unduly stimulate the blood. *Restful* food is needed for the body when it happens to be out of order; no sensible man would wind a watch when the mainspring had been over-wound. Flesh-food contains the deposits of waste, and sometimes the conditions of disease, which burdened the living animal; moreover, the process of decomposition will probably have been begun, for the meat we eat may have travelled the world before it comes to the grill or oven. A change takes place in any *dead* thing; it is rapidly brought to a state of decay, and therein is the marked difference between meat and raw fruit and vegetables, and especially so in respect of fruit. Grapes, or nuts, or apples, or oranges—these are possessed of such vitality that, if buried in the earth, their resurrection is revealed in branches, leaves, and further fruit; but one may plant the best rump-steak and never an ox will result from it.

The fruit of the grape, or the apple, for instance, is a receptacle for the nourishment of the seeds which it contains, so that when the ripened fruit shall fall the seeds may be nurtured until, sprouting, their little roots have fastened in the soil. You

may have noticed what has often interested me in ripened lemons : how the pips, already burst, have thrown out tiny tubes into the juicy pulp for the extraction of life's first impulse. The embryo tree lives upon its surrounding food, as embodied in what we call an orange or a lemon, just as the embryo human being imbibes existence in the womb. The fact was illustrated to me when, years ago, I wandered in a Sussex wood. Thousands of potential oaks were springing from the shaded mould ; some had already parted with their *placenta*, or *after-birth*, and stood alone, while to others their acorns still adhered—the moment of independence had not yet come. But there they were—pretty pigmy trees, rooted, and in vigorous leaf, still drawing nourishment from the bodies which not long before had swayed on the branches overhead.

Or eggs afford another instance ; and that is why care should be exercised in eating them. The fowl lays an egg, which in its turn becomes a fowl—if not hurried to the saucepan. Within the shell are beak and feathers, bones and giblets—the complete make-up of a fowl is there, but in a fluid-paste ; therefore, when we eat an egg we consume a *body*, though it be but small. We swallow a concentration, a form of food which is rich by nature ; yet many a mother will dose her child on eggs as if they were as innocuous as water from the crystal spring. Indeed, there is *egg-poisoning*, a disorder due to the grossness of this concentration ; but does it matter if children or adults are brought low by folly while civilization provides an antidote for every ill which it sets up ?

It is said that when the Portuguese discovered the Ladrone Islands the natives were clean, friendly, and of a high moral order ; they lived on the fruits of the earth, and among them disease was a thing unknown. Missionaries had not yet converted them, traders had not corrupted them with rum, the outside world with its philosophies and frivolities had shed no enlightening influence upon their minds ; they were heathens in the accepted sense, and yet these simple creatures knew the secret of good health. We know *disease*, most intimately ; it is the thing of which we have the completest knowledge, for by our methods of living we originate it and see that it spreads far and wide. We anticipate it when we meet each other ; our salutation is “How *do* you *do* ?”, and we evince surprise if the inquiry is not answered by a catalogue of ailments or the news of some one’s death or funeral. Disease is a standing institution with us, and, having produced a monster which threatens to devour us, we, in our wisdom, proceed to furnish refuges into which we may escape. The ostrich, burying its head in the sand to evade its pursuers—or so says the fable—is a bird of high intelligence when we compare such an action with our attitude towards disease.

Poor ostrich—mythical though its idiosyncrasy may be—it had no wise upbringing from its birth, its parents were untrained in common sense, it never went to school and rubbed shoulders with the world ; lacking all that we have learned by ourselves and from professors, it remained as it only could remain—an ostrich. But we, with the accumulated advantages which have brought the

earth in tribute at our feet, with the harvest of a million seasons garnered for our joy, with the elements obedient to our will and the universe nigh measured to our sight—we know where rescue may be found, should sickness overtake us, as unerringly as rabbits know their burrows when disturbed.

CHAPTER III

Moonshine

ANIMAL AND HUMAN TREATMENT OF DISEASE—OUR CHOICE OF REMEDIES — LUNAR INFLUENCES — AN APOSTATE AMONG PRACTITIONERS—THE DICTIONARY AND MEDICINE — FAILURE FOR FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS — FASHIONS IN SURGERY—THE TRAGEDY OF CONSTIPATION—APERIENTS AS FACTORS IN DISEASE—THE PROVOCATION OF THE KNIFE

Animal and Human Treatment of Disease

IT has often been a matter of wonder to me whether civilized man would be healthier to-day if intelligence had been denied to him in his cognizance of disease—that is, whether, on feeling ill, he merely appreciated it as a sensation, and did no more. Suppose him to be directed by instinct and not to the exercise of his own inventiveness, would he be a less healthy creature? It is a pertinent inquiry, well worth pursuing.

We know that animals repair to secret places and lie down when *feeling* out of sorts. They do not say to themselves, in effect: "Ah! now I am ill; I must do so-and-so to cure my trouble." Usually they neither eat nor drink; they passively leave the cure to Nature. Some turn intuitively to certain antidotes: cats will eat grass, dogs know of herbs, and bears dig up a pungent root. But when ill it may be said that they await recovery with quietude, doing next to nothing. A

small proportion of them die, I know ; but how many of us are killed by our *meddling* with disease ?

It can scarcely be said that animals bring reason to bear upon the treatment of their ailments ; that gift belongs to us, and is our own. They have no treatises to which they might refer ; we have the blessing of thousands for our confusion. They never heard of *Screecham's Pills* nor *Patchall's Tablets* ; are they worse or better for their innocence ? They look for no beacon-lights of succour in their distress ; to them there is no meaning in a brass plate, nor a chemist's sign, nor the fat type of quack advertisements. Ignorant of artifice, devoid of ingenuity, incapable of interference, they crawl to a corner and go to sleep. Lucky animals ; lucky, I mean, till we domesticate them, and use on them the wits which we employ upon ourselves. They are patient where we are petulant ; they profit where we fail. Wounds or sores they lick, and leave the healing to the open air ; we smother ours with ointments, poisoning the blood, perchance, and preventing the formation of new skin. Would that we watched the animals ; we could spend on happiness vast sums that we throw away in adding to our miseries.

But we have done with instinct long ago ; we are on a higher plane than cats and dogs and savage bears. Disease, being one of our settled institutions, has settled institutions for its suppression. The word " suppression " is a good one, for it would seem to be ineradicable in us to suppress what we should encourage. The sick animal allows its own vitality to urge the disorder through

its normal course ; usually we check the progress of our ailments and inflame them to a worse condition. Can you hear any husband saying to his wife : " My dear, I am feeling all to bits ; I'm going to bed for a week and will trouble you to bring me hardly anything "? Rather, if such words were uttered, you could see her rushing from the house to tell the neighbours that her good man had suddenly gone mad.

Our Choice of Remedies

A simple headache makes us nervous—Nature would tell us to skip a meal and let combustion work the cure. But no ; there is a saline draught in the cupboard, or a pill that is worth its weight in gold—let artifice come to our aid and baulk the gentle hand of Nature. Others shall provide for our recovery—have we not left the task to them ? Why not our *physic*, since our food is carried to our very lips—where is the need to *know* ourselves, and submit our weaknesses to Nature, our untiring nurse ?

The means of health are all so near, the elaborate distribution of labour is so perfected, there are such innumerable inducements to take courage in the refuges of our own making, that *getting* well would seem to be the easiest thing in the world, even though *keeping* well should be next to impossible. Sickness might be compared with a sinking ship surrounded by a swarm of rescue-boats. From every quarter of the compass rockets and flares are shown—" *Saved !*" is the promise in each burst of light—but the craft goes down, for the boats carry no more than rockets and flares ! Much more is

needed than a sign—the shipwrecked must be taken from the heeling deck and be put ashore.

Our position is about the same. A brass-plate may be but a few doors from us—I look upon one from my window every day. The chemist displays his sign in the nearest street, while the nostrum-maker, to spur the chemist to still wider enterprise, takes oath to his ability to cure through the columns of any newspaper we may open. Our thoroughfares in certain districts of large towns are monopolized almost entirely by our healers of ourselves—at least, their signals say they heal. One does not go to *Harley Street* for sugar or tea; it is the haunt of *paths* of every denomination—allopaths, homeopaths, radiopaths, electropaths, osteopaths, neuropaths, lucrepaths, and various other species, representing as many sects for the body as there are for the soul. We may take our remedies in liquid or instrumental form. We may suck tabloids or be punctured for our illnesses. We may lie in seaweed or mud, or be steeped in sulphur or brine. We may be scorched or blistered or stretched or splinted. We may be told that a cause is an effect, and an effect a cause. We may be rendered toothless when the stomach is at fault. We may be mutilated by instalments or be disembowelled, when mere cleansing would preserve our bodies undeformed. *And we may die when we should live.*

In such a settled institution there must be those who strive beyond their fellows. If there is the average practitioner, there must also be the super-magician. There is he who says “No general work for me; I’ll stand apart,” and he becomes,

on his own initiative, a *specialist*. Hence there is the heart-man or the kidney-man, the brain-man or the chest-man. And you may go the round of them all, yet be no nearer to your quest. Is it likely that the kidney-man, focussing his gaze continually upon its functions, will see what else may be beyond that organ? Is it to be expected that he should sweep the horizon when his eyes converge upon a point? The heart-man disputes the diagnosis of the chest-man, while the kidney-man reverses the verdict of the judge to whom you last appealed. The sky is aglow with rockets and flares, but those threatened with drowning need more than fireworks.

It needs the gift of humour to see irony. Really, by our strange behaviour, it might be wondered whether the human species were intended to be sane—I mean the civilized and reasoning portion of it. Of the Patagonian or the Australian Bushman we naturally expect the contradictions of unenlightenment. We smile at the turning of a prayer-wheel, or the supplications to a wooden god. We scoff at the pretensions of the medicine-man so long as he is but a power among barbarians; yet where we ourselves are blind we support such systems as we condemn.

At a farm where I stayed one of the servants thought it fun to pick up a hen, put its head under a wing, and spin the creature round several times; the bird was in a silly sleep when placed upon the ground. We are reduced to a similar condition after we have been turned from pillar to post in the search for health. Not only ourselves, but our guides, are equally bewildered. They have

been hypnotized by their own professions ; they walk and work as in a trance. They contradict each other, they practise by opposing methods, they speak a jargon of their own, they hold secrets on matters which may matter little, the morbid aspects of disease obsess them, the fact of health is quite lost sight of. If those on whom we lean—those whom we have placed on pedestals as oracles—if *they* need guidance, what hope of knowledge can there be for the suppliant who listens for his fate?

Lunar Influences

It is said that the moon, when at the full, exerts a baleful influence upon some minds—we call them *moonstruck* in our pity. Does not the world behave as if that influence were permanent? We see the effects of moonshine everywhere—in art, in politics, in science, in religion. The sculptor produces a monstrosity, and the people cry “*What gracefulness!*” The demagogue raves long enough, and crowds applaud him as their saviour. Fanatics swear they come from God, and millions vow it must be so. Research holds up a single germ, and disease, we say, shall be no more. Is it small wonder that we lose our way, or that, while wandering, we are met by those who take our hands—their selves deluded on the path?

The moon has mysterious powers, without a doubt. It draws the tides, lifting the mighty ocean by its spell. It has a subtle quality that will distort the features of those who sleep beneath its rays ; this I have seen among a crew at sea, and I have known it to poison fish that had been hanging under the ship’s old boat. Yet its insidious elements

would seem to be the very reason of our fascination for it. We saturate ourselves in moonshine, we irradiate it from each other, and the men with the most moonshine in them are chosen as our leaders ; we prostrate ourselves before the idols of our own creation. Body and soul are tricked by moonshine ; we follow it through life, and even in the chamber of death it flickers on the counterpane. We appear unable to regard things by the light of common day ; we prefer the false perspective cast by borrowed beams—we must be dazzled, or made silly like the hen.

As a body, the medicine-men declare that medicine is the remedy for our distress ; they hold the keys of a sanctuary wherein is peace—the medicine-men among cannibals have as true a tale to tell. Moonshine has inspired the idea since mankind acquired the first glimmering of reason and became credulous. Why, then, should there be any suffering in the world to-day ? In a court of law the litigant relies upon his proofs, although moonshine enters even there—I was worsted by it in a monstrous case. Has medicine proof of its efficiency ? The evidence is to the contrary. Those whom we know have been dosed and drugged for years, and still they drag their weary limbs along. We pass them in the street or listen to their old, sad tale ; they shuffle through their days, mere frames of patch-work. Or of some it might be said that they passed away with physic at their trembling lips. No cure should take a lifetime, or a life. Yet, for thousands of years, a substitute—a world-illusion—has won the faith of untold millions as the truth.

Nevertheless, we still expect fair dealing, though, dupes as we are, we invite deception and are cheated every day. We resort to the same refuge again and again, though we come out of it time after time no saner than before. This singular infatuation for what is unreliable—this special burst of moonshine which subverts our wits—is in no respect more marked than in our allegiance to the claims of medicine. Surgery may be doubted, radiology be questioned, the theory of microbes be disputed, but the alchemy of physic never. There is magic in the pill or potion, and the worse it is in taste or smell the more remedial it must be. Our obedience to this great delusion is a problem in psychology ; we are utterly unthinking in a matter of life or death, while we will haggle until exhausted over the difference of a sixpence in the purchase of some common article. Or, even though a medicine-man should intercept us with a warning, we pass on unheeding in the maze on which the decoying moon throws down her light.

An Apostate among Practitioners

For, wonderful though it is, an apostate sometimes rises in the ranks of orthodoxy. Why should he secede if there be not something wrong with an institution which gives status to him in his calling ? We do not expect him to be contemptuous of his trade ; should, then, a doctor preach defection, crying : "*Take care ; the way you tread leads only round and round !*" ?

Suppose you were passing a boot-maker's shop, and in its window saw the following declaration : "*I don't believe in boots ; they are a sham !*" —

would you not be surprised? You would instinctively say to yourself: "How strange for this fellow to discredit the means by which he earns a living; why doesn't he relinquish the business if he considers it to be derogatory to himself and the community?" Or curiosity might lead you into his establishment to judge his sanity, or to hear his reasons for displaying so remarkable a placard. Suppose, too, that, having introduced yourself to him, he should say: "*I don't believe in boots; firstly, because they are unnecessary; secondly, because they can never do any good to the feet; and, thirdly, because they are a swindle to their purchasers!*"", you would in all probability leave the shop with a deep proposition to ponder over.

Now, what is the difference between the boot-maker's pronouncement and a practitioner's, when an eminent authority will say: "*Drugs are very bad for people; I do not believe that any man is the happier for medicine!*," for such is the public avowal of a Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Health? The distinction is—and it is a vast one—that what is untrue out of the tradesman's mouth is true from the practitioner's. We know that boots *are* requisite, and we always thought medicine to be necessary. For ages we have been taught to believe in its efficacy—nay, that the worse we might be, the more need had we of physic. What shall we think, then, of an assertion which forces us to fear that we have been victimized in our deep-rooted faith? Remember, too, that this denunciation is not the expression of a layman whose utterance might be dismissed as an outburst of intolerant bias; it is the conviction of one who

occupies a high position among those whose very office it is to dispense *moonshine*! He exposes the absurdity by which he and his professional brothers make ends meet, and in many instances make them go a long way beyond the meeting-point. It is worse than the kettle calling the pot black ; it amounts to calling the public a body of simpletons.

Is such a deserter entitled to a hearing, then ; can his indictment be sincere ? Upon what grounds does he bring this charge against an ancient and reputable creed ? Can he have been disappointed in promotion or emoluments ? Impossible ; because the practice of medicine is a branch of industry in which energy may push its way to the highest honours. It is an avenue, one might say, through which enterprise may drive to wealth beyond the dreams of avarice—and it generally does drive now, for to-day a doctor seldom walks. He has much to lose who dares to foul the medical nest ; he risks ostracism and the chance of poverty. He stands as a judge who judges justice, or a lawyer who turns the law against itself, or a priest who rails at superstition. His position is anomalous. There must be something rotten in the state of doctoring when a practitioner tars his own brass-plate.

The Dictionary and Medicine

Can the attitude of this authority be justified ; is it to be reasonably defended ? You and I ask for the truth, and no more. Let us look at a dictionary, then, and learn the definition of that brief word *medicine*—a pregnant word, however, in which both life and death are involved, did the world but know it. Nuttall's has it thus : *Medicine* ;

any substance that has the property of curing or mitigating disease; the art of preventing, curing, or alleviating disease. In considering the first half of the definition I would ask : “*Does* medicine cure or mitigate disease, and, if so, *how?*”

Judged by the opportunities which time and universal favour have accorded to medical practice, I unhesitatingly side with those who describe it as mere moonshine. I assert that the explanation of the dictionary is entirely misleading. From the remotest ages—from periods of which no written history was ever made, but of which the scientific mind has drawn broad pictures from an accumulation of tangible evidence, as in works of art and objects of general use—from the dimmest past the art of medicine has been practised and revered, and it has preserved its power until the present day. It has ever been regarded as a superior art, and sometimes as a supernatural one. Kings have been pawns in the hands of physicians ; medicine has secured the full patronage of the law ; it is a misdemeanour to be ill and not to invoke its aid ; one may be charged with manslaughter should another die unattended by a doctor. So profound is its antiquity, so tremendous is its authority, and so abject is the people’s credulity in relation to it, that medical practice has become an instrument of unbridled tyranny, its members being representatives of the strongest Trade Union in the world. And this hierarchy has for tens of centuries maintained, as it still maintains, its paramount influence by *moonshine*.

The art of medicine does *not* cure, or why is disease still rampant? Would we wilfully reject

a remedy, knowing it to be one? Do doctors put up their signs in vain? Have their waiting-rooms been always empty when you and I have sat therein? Are practitioners driven by lack of support to go about the streets beating tom-toms to attract attention to their wares? Do they drive motor-cars and occupy expensive houses, like Rawdon Crawleys, on nothing at all? Quite the reverse; the populace run after them, and listen to their every word as if it fell from holy lips. Their ever-changing cures are hailed as miracles, each remedy being acclaimed as having brought all suffering to an end until, let the honest doctor or a charlatan but push a rag above the medical horizon, and the crowd espy it as a ship come home. And thus poor suppliants live and *die*, hoping, hoping, hoping, for the precious cargo which never reaches port!

If medicine could cure, it would prevent and *alleviate*; the dissection of the definition is superfluous. I will not stress the argument further; indeed, I have no patience for it. Let humanity stand up and show, by its sufferings, how it has been deceived. Let any portion of my stack of evidence be examined, and you shall say whether the pretensions put forth for physic are deserving of your censure or support.

Failure for Five Hundred Pounds

In my possession is a pile of testimony which has been accumulating over a course of years; call it a thickening stratum of *bed-rock*, a deposit of proof on which I base my case against the utility of physic. Here is a letter which I received but

yesterday ; what is its purport, and need I ask whether you think the writer has told his story just for fun ? He is one who has spent five hundred pounds, and has failed to get his money's worth. Before he put the money down he doubtless believed that a fair bargain had been made with him ; he now complains that instead of receiving a material equivalent the reward was no more than the promise of moonshine.

Five hundred pounds—a tidy sum, as the world would say ; neither you nor I could easily procure it were we in straits.

It is not everybody, in these hard times, who has five hundred pounds to *throw away*. Were you possessed of such a sum, and did not require it in your business, you would invest it, I assume, in some promising concern to which you would look for a fair return in the shape of interest ; in any case, you would begrudge the *waste* of half a thousand pounds.

What, then, will you say of the feelings of this poor man, who says ?—

"I had to get the advice of three specialists, and the best I got from them was that I had to go into a Nursing Home and be treated by electricity. Up to the time I tried your *Nature's Way* my life was one continual struggle. I believe that if I had heard of your little book six or seven years ago I would never have had this trouble. My illness has cost over five hundred pounds."

The writer says that he *had* to get the advice of three specialists. Naturally, for physic directly led him to them. For years he had been dosed and poisoned, while his system had been strained

by the effort to throw out each succeeding incubus as it was prescribed by orthodoxy. Many a change must have been advised in the kinds of remedies advocated ; he was made a subject of experiment. Presumably he was tried with the favourite stepping-stone *down hill*—a tonic. This, discovered to be constipating, was superseded by an aperient concoction to move the bowels by violence. A state of indigestion being more and more firmly established, his body was treated like a shuttle-cock, tossed to and fro, and always *nearer* to the nursing home.

Well, this was the institution—among the varieties of termini set up by custom in its provision to meet disease—this was the resting-place to which his years of wandering had brought him. But physic, to be efficient, should have pointed to an opposite direction, and his eyes should have been opened to the fact that he was straying long, long before he saw the unwelcome walls of his asylum. Would it take seven years for you to become aware that your clothes were ill-fitting? Would you deal for that length of time with a dairyman who sold you rotten eggs? We don't behave like idiots in our common dealings day by day, yet in the most serious transaction of our lives we go about in blinkers and act exactly like the obfuscated hen.

The practitioner who dispenses medicine as a means of health may be likened to a booking-clerk who gives a traveller a ticket for a place which he does *not* want to reach. The traveller would rather visit any other spot in the world than that for which his ticket has been punched ; but the simple

fellow fails even to glance at his warrant ; he enters the train without asking whither it may be bound, and, though when started on the journey he looks on a country altogether strange, he sits in the carriage for seven whole years, being stopped and shunted at stations which he ought to know are on an unfamiliar route, until he learns that the company have brought him to a *nursing home*, and that the cost of his stupidity is half a thousand pounds ! You protest that *you* could never be so foolish ; yet wiser men have travelled all their lives on lines that led them to no better place.

Thus, after the many stages of his fruitless journey, the wearied creature whom I have just quoted was laid upon the operating-table. Instead of purchasing sprightliness, and freedom for the open air, instead of being fit to do his business and to take his place in his own home circle, he was carried a prisoner into the gloom of a house of suffering, where lance and forceps would be used upon him. His affairs put aside, his family in grief—such was his fate for the implicit faith he had reposed in medicine. He might have gained his health by the purchase of food for the fiftieth part of what he had spent for his trust in physic. It was a bad investment that he had made ; in a business sense, he had been fooled.

Fashions in Surgery

The operating-table is seldom a couch from which unfortunates arise fully restored ; few troubles can be cured by instruments. The suffering quit their beds—if they be not carried to their eternal rest—*minus* some portion which is indispensable

for happiness ; they will remain for the rest of their lives imperfect pieces of mechanism. Can it be otherwise, since we differ so entirely from those orders of animals which reconstruct themselves when injured ? Be it not said that any part of us is immaterial ; yet surgery removes the appendix, the bladder, and the womb as if we were star-fish and could lose our vitals without missing them. There are occasions, as we know, when accident demands some removal by the knife ; but surgery, as a fashion, is unjustifiable. Physic brings us to the surgeon's door, and for one substitute we are offered but another. It is a matter of skill to excise a portion of the body ; but moral guilt attaches to the skill which is not inspired by reason. Surgery should be guided by the question whether serious ends may not be reached by saner means ; and it is high time that instrumentalists should ask themselves, "*How is it that, though we cut, our clients come to us again ?*"

Doctors discuss their cases in consultation or over a friendly pipe or glass ; why do they not remark upon the frequent uselessness of their own sad work—why do they not begin where rationalism would make its first essay ? My experience largely deals with those who, having once been shorn of this or that, are still uncured, though promised a recovery ; in many instances, indeed, the original recourse to the knife has proved but the inception of a tragic sequence.

Surgery is not supposed to be compared with haircutting, where the barber expects to see his customer again. An operation is generally represented to be final ; that is, in ridding the living

body of its peril once and for all, whereas in how many instances is the finality reversed ! A poor widow on Dartmoor told me how she had parted with her husband on the assurance that he would soon be back from hospital. "Cheer up," they said, as they led him to the cab ; "he will be with you in a fortnight." The promise was fulfilled—but he was dead and coffined. For twenty years his body had been scoured with physic ; for twenty years the established treatment of disease had been practised on him, and at the end of that long period of wrong-doing he was disembowelled, while his wife believed the knife would send him back alive. If only the community would realize the worthlessness of their belief, if medical practice were only directed towards the consummation of a grand idea, this land of ours would so leap forward at a bound that a generation would look back upon to-day as the fading of a hideous dream.

Seven years are a large gap in any one's happiness ; but what shall be said of a lifetime of misery due to a trouble which is curable in a week ? The world must appear as a strange place to eyes that have been made heavy by biliousness for an uninterrupted term of sixty-seven years ; yet this is the confession of a correspondent who had wandered in moonshine for more than a couple of generations, and now discovers, after twenty-five thousand days of deception, that an undreamt prospect is revealed to her at an expense of less than twenty shillings ! In the decline of life a glorious sunset falls upon her way, and she sees how widely she had been allowed to err. For sixty-seven years her daily duties were undertaken

while suffering from physical staleness, dreadful indigestion, blood-pressure, an irritable heart, and depressing noises in the head. What a condition to awake to, morning after morning ; how *could* the trivial round and common task furnish all that she had need to ask ? Imagine her as a piece of machinery to be kept going, somehow, from morn till eve ; how the oblivion of sleep must have been longed for as each night closed in ! But in spite of her calamities she endeavoured to forget the miserable apparatus which she called her body. What name would we give to a railway-engine which, though designed to bear us on our journey punctually to time-table, yet crawled and dawdled from station to station, being pulled up here and there for want of steam, groaning and squealing for lack of lubrication, until, by nightfall, its rattling parts could do no more, and the contraption had to be harboured in the nearest shed ? *A body?* Few of us have such a thing, unless a ramshackle bundle of bones and tissue can be termed a body. Could an engine be coaxed to work for six hours under the conditions which sentenced this poor soul to sixty-seven years of purgatory ? That she endured such conditions for a tenth of the time is a marvel, and a proof of that inherent tenacity which urges us to live in spite of the mad measures we take to shorten our existence.

The Tragedy of Constipation

Constipation was the source of her discomfiture ; she confesses to it for as long as she can remember. Now we have an insight into causes and effects ; now we can regard nearly every civilized ailment

from a central point. Pathology enumerates our diseases by the hundred ; Shakespeare alludes to a thousand and one as our inheritance. Pathology particularizes, while Nature generalizes. Practitioners find their clues in local disorganization—the kidneys, the liver, the heart, or the lungs ; Nature declares that *indigestion* is the secret of the general curse, and that constipation is its general sign. Medical practice searches *away* from the warning which should arrest immediate and most serious attention, or, if the trouble be discerned, it is aggravated by irrational treatment. Constipation is usually ignored, however, or treated as a trivial incident of our daily lives, whereas it is an ominous note, to end perhaps, as it ends too commonly, in a funeral knell. The awfulest maladies are the direct outcome of constipation ; when will the public and practitioners appreciate and anticipate the fact ? Yet this, the foundation of endless woe, is a danger by which medical science would appear to be completely baffled, though a little daily fruit will conquer it !

Take the case of this poor woman : it is a terrible mockery that for nearly three score years and ten she was plied with cures which left her yearly worse and worse, and that the evil course had been begun in infancy. Her life was haunted by the false belief that something else but food would bring release. She took no personal part in the misdeeds of her babyhood ; babies have not yet come, even in this precocious age, to help themselves to purgatives ; had they such judgment as their guardians supposedly possess, the trash would be emptied down the sink. Her mother and her

mother's friends were the witches at the cauldron of her fate ; *they* stirred the deadly potions and put the poison to her lips. A witch-doctor, it may be, was also of the company ; for is there one of all the professional confraternity who has *never* prescribed aperients for the young ? Thus, step by step, and always in the wrong direction, she drifted through the maze of *Vanity Fair* ; childhood passed into womanhood, and still she went from booth to booth, with money in her hand, pleading for the boon of health, and, being promised it, was given paltry gew-gaws in exchange. Noise and bewilderment there were, in very deed ; practitioners and quacks held out their wares at every stall with clamorous importunity ; but *Vanity Fair* is a town of shams, where honesty and dishonesty are alike obsessed.

Aperients as Factors in Disease

Just as indigestion is the source of countless ills, so are aperients the source of indigestion. The philanthropist who manufactures nostrums is one who does incalculable harm to the community ; his trade should be suppressed as a menace to the State. Not a case of cancer has been brought to my notice but that the victim was addicted to the habit of taking aperients of some description. No engine can be worked irrationally ; and to cast out food before assimilation has taken place is to lay brutal hands upon one of the most delicate processes of Nature—an act of folly which provokes inexorable reprisals. A medical man prescribes a purge ; can he be conscious of the stimulus he gives to misery ? Does the Paddington Express refuse

to start until the driver has administered a draught or pill? Put the idea to a specialist and he will smile, though, with a cast of gravity, he may seal a soul's undoing, hour by hour, in his recommendation of means which can do no other than defeat their ends. And to those who know not what they do, or care not, as the case may be, the suffering turn in tens of thousands for guidance which but leads astray. Did the tombstones tell the truth, in how many instances would their inscriptions run "*The quack and doctor did this deed!*"?

We assume that a chemist enjoys good health, since he hands it over the counter to his customers. It is his excuse for displaying his name and credentials across his shop-front—he is a purveyor of health. He becomes what he is by virtue of the tacit understanding that he knows how sickness can be cured. His windows make the boast; remedies of every kind are beckoning from behind the glass, while tickets, cards, or more pretentious emblems cry out in Indian ink or colour-work : "*Come in and buy; this is the Altar of Hygeia!*" He is an intelligent man, his training has cost not a little, and his heart is full of sympathy with the sufferings of his race. You enter his shop to purchase fitness ; he has the means already made, or he will have it ready if you call again in half an hour. He puts his finger on the spot intuitively ; there is the cure for every ill—each wrapper says so—and all you have to do for health and strength is to put your purchase in or on your body, when, presto ! illness flies away. You are fascinated by the inspiration, by its ease and instantaneousness ; the man before you is a

magician—would you expect *him* to be in need of something better than he sells?

There, on the shelves, are liver-mixture, kidney-mixture, lung-mixture, stomach-mixture—nay, are there not varieties of each, and each the best? You take your choice, or you may ask his counsel on the point—you would not dream that, with panaceas surrounding him, he had more need than you to find a cure?

Well, what of this, a letter from the wife of a well-established health-purveyor? “A fortnight ago your book was lent me by a friend who thought that it might help my dear husband, and I believe and pray that such will be the case, for he has only tried the system for ten days, and the result has been wonderful, far beyond our hopes. Some years ago—indeed, many now—it was discovered that he was suffering from *colitis*, and was stuffed with milky diet as treatment; and, owing I am convinced to a wonderful constitution and his quiet, good living, he has mercifully recovered from many attacks under the same treatment. Then followed *hemorrhoids* and an operation (at great expense, which we could very ill afford), and again the same treatment for about ten years, up to the first of this month. He returned home that day, after being away for ten days, to try and recruit from an attack of nerves. The doctor could give no reason for this attack, and we knew of none except that on and off for many months he had felt very ill, and went on working and feeding (I now blush to say it) as usual. Indeed (I am an ex-trained nurse), I tried to feed him up. He has followed your system for *constipation* and *hemorrhoids*, and since the first

of this month he has taken no aperient, and had most comfortable, natural relief on each day but one. When I tell you that *every* night he has taken large doses of aperient medicine, for thirty years, by doctors' orders, you will, I am sure, realize how delighted and thankful I am at this result. When the doctor suggested his having a little change of air, I asked him if we could not get to the bottom of all this constant debility and trouble. He said : '*Of course, it is due to the poison he absorbs from the intestines*' ; then I said : '*Can you not treat that?*' ; and he said : '*Only by keeping his bowels well opened.*' Well, I just felt helpless and as though the bottom had dropped out of the world, for that *had* always been done, and I felt there was no hope at all of a better state of health.

"We are persevering with the diet, and I shall be so grateful if you will tell me if I may give him ground nuts and fruit, such as raisins, with a certainty that they will do no harm or aggravate the *colitis*, for those are the two things he has been forbidden for years.

"I am sure I could not calmly again take orders and carry them out for any doctor who prescribed in the orthodox fashion ; it is cruel and wicked to think how people are helped and urged to ill health by so much ignorance on the part of so-called clever men. What treason I am writing ! but I do feel so strongly on this matter."

Is he the only chemist who found no cure within the walls of his own establishment, nor at the doctors' hands ; surely such an anomaly should be rare ? Not by any means ; here is another con-

fession, and again from a wife. "First of all I must thank you for your books. My husband has been cured in six weeks of very serious gastric trouble, which absolutely crippled him for work; in fact, he felt that he was on the verge of a complete breakdown. He is adhering rigidly to your diet, and has recommended your books to many people. One case is that of a man who was operated upon about six years ago for appendicitis. The appendix was not removed then, but was, I believe, at a subsequent operation. The wound has never healed, and now there has been diagnosed a malignant growth at the base of the ascending colon. He has been re-opened on several occasions, and there are now granulations on the outside. The whole trouble, apparently, started with constipation. He was persuaded to try the lemon juice and diet cure, and has received some relief from the constipation. His wife is anxious to apply the lemon juice direct to the wound, but is at the same time afraid to do this."

Yes, fear is the brake which holds us back when we should be wise; how often do we fear our blessings! Have we the like misgivings when we go straightway to harm? In fear we put the curb on when we go *uphill*. Oh, we are timid drivers where the road is clear, but rash enough where it is full of ruts, with many a dangerous slope and bend. What doubts must have filled the minds of these two men as they raised true nectar to their lips—the healing balm of lemon juice! Yet in their shops were calomel, morphia, bromide, strychnine, prussic acid; they sold these poisons cheerfully—fear never trembled in their hands as

they took death-doses from the shelves and helped disease in young and old. There was no thought of fear as the wife of the first-named fed her husband *up* with milky food, while all the feeding fed him *down*. Had the doctor any fear while he purged his patient year by year, and purged him still when *colitis* and *hemorrhoids* were the harvest of his confidence? It is a farce, a screaming farce, or would be if it were not a crime.

The Provocation of the Knife

So much for physic, and how much now for the knife? "I am one of the women," says a sad appeal, "martyred to doctors for fifteen years, following a bad child-birth. Operations seemed to commence all my trouble—one for kidneys replaced, one for womb, etc. Shortly after that for twisted bowels, which all but cost my life. I was cut for three twisted parts, and a piece mortified, and now adhesions are causing so much trouble. The fifteen years were spent in the old, old story—specialists, X rays, Spas for water, baths, and, worst of all, the horrible *plombia* treatment; that was the worst of all misery for me—three times a week they were doing it, telling me I would be no better for the rest of my life. My sister came to see me, bringing with her your *Nature's Way*. I read it, saw the truth of everything you said, and commenced the diet right away. I have never had a wash out since, and can have a motion every morning; that is now twelve months ago."

Fifteen years under expert attention, fifteen years of surgical and diversified supervision, and the result is *adhesions* and a protest of martyrdom—I

call it a bad record for the claims of science. Would that there was less science and more suspicion of its efficacy. Yet, after recourse was had to rational feeding, constipation quickly ceased and the abomination of *plombiaism* was discontinued. The writer states that her troubles commenced with operations; and this is the statement made by many besides. Is it small wonder, then, that I have as much fear of the knife as the chemists had of lemon juice, but with more reason for my fear? Why should I not doubt a method that leaves vast misery in its wake? I *know* that fruit juice is beneficent; I know, too, that the knife *provokes* disease, save in the circumstance where accident makes surgery imperative.

The cancer-wound may be removed, but the *state* of cancer does not go, be the surgeon dexterous as he may. If cutting can cure a blood-disease, as cancer is, one had but to cut enough to ensure recovery; but the facts are to the contrary. A first operation for cancer is frequently the fore-runner of five or six further mutilations, and then the sufferer dies, dismembered. It is not a *recurrence* of the malady which is supposed to necessitate the subsequent operations, but a *development* of the disease, which the knife had not eradicated. Let me take a case. Nearly five years ago a woman had her right breast and the glands of her arm removed; all went apparently well till recently, when the arm began to swell, with acute pain, and on consulting her medical man he said that nothing more was possible, except to wear an elastic bandage from the hand, up the arm, and round the shoulder. Surely, if the knife could do no more, the bandage

might have been resorted to on the discovery of the trouble, otherwise nearly five years had been utterly thrown away. Surgery persists in promising success to early treatment ; but if a thing is really *good* why should it not apply to any stage of evil ?

CHAPTER IV

Continued Moonshine

THE PURSUIT OF PYORRHÆA—CURING ARTHRITIS THROUGH TOOTHLESSNESS—A MARTYR AND A LADY FRIEND—EXTRACTIONS FOR GOITRE—ELECTRICAL DISTURBANCES—OUR SUSPICION OF SALVATION—IGNORANCE THE PARENT OF FEAR—THE COURAGE OF A COTTAGER—OUR WIDESPREAD MISERY—METROPOLITAN MOONSHINE—THE STUFFING CRAZE—STUFFING STORIES—LIBELLED LEMON JUICE—WHAT AM I DOING?—MOONSHINE ON DYSENTERY—MOONSHINE ON ANÆMIA—THE WRONG SERUM!—HONOUR WHERE DUE—STUDYING IN MOONSHINE—DISAGREEING DOCTORS

The Pursuit of Pyorrhœa

IT is wonderful what medical research discovers when it is on the wrong track. At the present time there is a hue-and-cry after *pyorrhœa*, and it is found in the gums of nearly everybody. The doctor discovers it, and the dentist obeys the doctor's orders; or the dentist makes the find, and the doctor confirms it; therefore, through the vigilance of one or the other, or between the two, it is a thousand to one that the trouble is hunted down, and brought to bay, in *your* poor mouth. There would seem to be no escape from this popular sport nowadays; it would almost appear as if science *had* to cry "*Tally ho—pyorrhœa!*" to maintain its reputation in the face of the world. So it has become a common thing to meet friends and acquaintances who are deprived of their teeth

because their digestion happened to be out of gear —a procedure which is akin to cutting out the cogs of a car because its machinery is foul from neglect. This obsession for robbing the body of its natural means of mastication is cruel in practice and useless in results ; it is a barbarous fashion of the hour, a craze to which grave responsibilities and consequences are attached.

The teeth are an invaluable portion of the human engine, and to steal them in the hope of curing *pyorrhœa* is as sensible as to cheat a stone-crusher of its grinders, or a mill of its rollers, in the belief that either will work *more* efficiently by mutilation. The idea is preposterous, savouring of insanity, and only scientists could pursue their quarry with such frenzy. When will the law step in to stop this branch of vivisection ? Can it be wondered why I speak with quivering lips when pity moves me for the maltreated hundreds whose appeals arrive from every quarter of the globe ? If it could be proved that the toothless are better enabled to digest their food than those who chew it naturally, if it could be shown that to have bare gums is to be *cured* of indigestion, then I could not demur—I should be defying reason ; but reason is with me in denouncing this extraction-mania as unsophisticated moonshine, and nothing less. *Pyorrhœa* is due to stomach trouble, and better would it be did medical research put spurs to chase their microbes in the intestines rather than in the mouth, the very gateway of digestion.

Curing Arthritis through Toothlessness

Not to draw a few, nor only the decayed, but to

remove them all, the sound and the unsound teeth —this would seem to be the growing habit of the extractionists. I know a gentle soul who sits day by day crouched in a chair, practically motionless, her contorted joints set fast with *rheumatoid arthritis*. Her skin is of a peculiar shade, her flesh has a singular coldness to the touch ; very little more could be said of her than that she is just alive. Rightfully she should be in possession of lusty animation, for she is a young woman still, as far as years are reckoned. Day succeeds day in unprofitable monotony, unless looking out of a window while the light lasts can be counted as excitement. She is married, and yet she can be no wife ; she has a child, but is prevented from joining in her daughter's interests. She is simply a stagnant creature, a piece of flotsam stranded on a beach of misery. What, think you, is the last experiment which has been made upon her poor shrinking body ? Scientific *research*—Lord help the word !—has discovered *pyorrhœa*, and has removed every tooth from her jaws, or twenty-six in all, as a remedy for her affliction !

Had inquiry been made as to her methods of feeding, I, for one, could have thrown some light upon her condition. But research had missed what is painfully obvious. She eats the customary messes, she has eaten them for many years ; custom will continue to serve her food, and medical observation will see nothing amiss in it. So, unless the unexpected happens, she must become more and more stagnated, until the sands shall have submerged its human wreckage. The deprivation of her teeth has made no difference on her fossilized

bones ; the juice of fruit would make them all anew—but who believes it? The grape, the orange, and the lemon have elements which banish *pyorrhœa* through the purification of the blood. It is in the vitiated life-stream that the disorder lies, and when the intelligence of research will seek *the causes* of disease, instead of being betrayed from the scent by *its effects*, it may dismount from the saddle and call off the hounds. Humanity will be healthier for it.

A Martyr and a Lady Friend

We shall also see how the teeth were brought into a case when the stomach was the delinquent, in the experience of one who has trod a very rough road while seeking health in the wrong direction. "A few weeks ago," says the wanderer, "a lady friend handed me your book, *Nature's Way*, telling me how much better in health she was since following your treatment. She was a martyr to stomach trouble and neuritis; now she is feeling quite a new woman, keeping strictly to fruit and dry feeding. She is so grateful."

You will have noticed how soon the picture of *martyrdom* is presented to the eye. A martyr meets another on the thorny path of misdirection. "Where am I?" she inquires in her bewilderment. She had walked and walked for miles and miles, directed by the various finger-posts which had pointed everywhere yet nowhere. And so they meet—one in a state of weariness, the other bright-eyed and alert. Why should there have been this difference in the two? Properly speaking, if the finger-posts were true, the exhausted one should have been strong, far abler than she who only had

a shilling book to point the way. Nor should they have met at a spot from which their paths diverged ; they should have hailed each other with joy as travellers bound for the same destination. We may be assured that everything had been done for the weary wayfarer ; she had paid for specious promises, she had been taken in at wayside places, she had been tended many times over, and had been set upon her journey, after every halt, with a confident finger turned towards this feature of the prospect, and then that, as the goal which she would surely reach. Yet she was as far from her quest as she had been at the beginning—nay, she was further from it, for she was weaker than before !

Exractions for Goitre

Consider her condition ; hear from herself how she was when she met the woman with a book. Imagine her pouring out her woes to her companion. "I am indeed in great trouble," she whispers ; "I have *goitre*, which I first noticed twenty years ago. My stomach began to bother me about ten years ago, and six and a half years since I was very bad. I was sent into a nursing home for treatment, and I left it as weak as a child ; I have never made up what I lost. My age is fifty-five. Nearly four years ago I was in a nursing home again, and had a small lump taken out of my right breast. Then I got some teeth removed ; the doctor said my stomach would never be right till I had these teeth out and artificial teeth put in. Well, for about two years since getting in new teeth my mouth, especially my tongue, has been so painful. I have got different

mouth-washes from the doctor, but to no use. My tongue has been cauterized twice this month ; it is rough and furrowed. The doctor says it will come all right, and that it is perfectly healthy. I am quite in despair ; it has got on my nerves. I have such a dread because it has troubled me for such a long time."

Now, what do we gather from her story ? That, while she spoke, she was suffering from *goitre*, after twenty years of its endurance—that is to say, medicine, in that long period, had been unable to effect a cure. For ten years her digestion had been noticeably disorganized, although it had probably been faulty before the condition of goitre had set in. Then she goes into a refuge which had been established for her rehabilitation—to wit, a nursing home, but makes her exit from it more debilitated than when she approached its portals of great promises. She takes to the road again, and never makes up the ground that she had lost. She struggles on for four more years, when she turns once more to another home of represented rest. Does she find it ? No ; instead of rest she undergoes the torment of an operation, and while in this haven of disquietude the hounds of research are let loose upon her—*pyorrhœa* is discovered, and her teeth are taken out, upon the reasoning that her stomach would know no ease until one of its most necessary adjuncts had been abstracted. Well, on the strength of the same reasoning she should have recovered, and have gone out into the world a re-made woman ; instead of which, her mouth and tongue are in such a state as to fill her spirit with despair, and in her dread she appeals

to an outsider for rescue from the handiwork of those who claim a kind of prescience in directing souls *astray!* What would be said by the professional body if a layman put up finger-posts so erringly? Twenty years of hopes unrealized, twenty years of promises unfulfilled, twenty years of money out of pocket and health out of order—what would be the terms of indictment if the practitioner could prefer a charge of such contemptible failure against a man who had no legal right to screw a brass-plate at his door? Really, I am astonished to find that dentists have become the faithful dogs of medicine-men; it had been their rule, until recently, to preserve our means of natural mastication—not to clear them, so to speak, at one fell swoop. So now my trust in dentistry must go, I grieve to say. If a fiddler could not play a tune in twenty years, would we listen to him? To hear twenty years of penny-whistle practice would do less harm to our nerves than the tinkering of many a medico who lives in a sumptuous style thereby. To the street-artist we may toss a copper or two, and pass on; to the health-specialist—as is implied in his possession of a plate—we pay guineas galore, and in return may get a course of moonshine, as in a mouth-wash and a stick of caustic! Will the dental profession think of their more closely-growing alliance with methods which are against Nature and altogether wrong? If prayers will move them, then shall they be persuaded by my own.

Electrical Disturbances

Another branch of research activity—or medical

science, to put it technically and respectably—is the administration of electricity as a stimulus to health. It is discovered that the unbalanced body needs screwing to a state of poise ; therefore it must be permeated with an excitant. It is not rest, but delirium, that sickness lacks ; thus an unnatural cause of tension is applied. It would be absurd to plead that the only electrical absorption of any value is that which can be derived, easily and cheaply, from the light of the sun, and from food which has been *ripened* by that wondrous element. The electro-specialist laughs when he hears it mooted that uncooked fruit is an electric battery capable of discharging all that we require of its power, and not *too much*. *He* has appliances, he believes in their efficacy, he has bought them for trade, he expects them to yield him so much per hour—exactly as a man runs bathing-machines, but to less benefit. Grapes and oranges are not mechanical, though the sun still dwells in them ; one must become a vulgar fruiterer, and stand in a shop or behind a stall, to make profit from such lowly things. There is nothing intricate or pretentious in the gifts of the soil ; what, in the nature of healthful eatables, could impart mystery and superiority comparable with the sign *electro-specialist*? So his establishment gets going, and those who are attracted to it are filled, and overfilled, with doses of excitement.

A cure so stimulating should be a cure—but is it? A woman of fifty-four who had been wound-up by this wonderful influence should feel like an antelope, or as lithe as a grasshopper. To learn, on the contrary, that electricity, as artificially

given, has left her as stiff as a clothes-horse is a sad disappointment and a shock to credulity. "I have rheumatism all over my body," she says, "arthritic and muscular; knees and muscles above and under the knees very stiff; I can scarcely stoop, and if I get down I have great difficulty in getting up again"—just like a clothes-horse—"I scarcely sleep at all at night, so that I feel utterly worn out and very depressed.

"I have always been so active, but cannot do much work now, as I get thoroughly done up by noon, my legs getting like sticks, and knees so stiff I can scarcely bend them.

"I have been having electrical treatment and massage for nearly four months, going twice or thrice weekly at our local hospital, but it has done me no good; and before that I was trying a special diet which consisted mostly of boiled vegetables every day, which gave me flatulence so bad that I had to discontinue it—so if you could help me I should indeed be grateful."

These are poor results from a cure by machinery; no mountain ever brought forth a smaller mouse. I wonder if the hospital staff have measured the harvest of their four-months' treatment, in this particular case, or whether they have a doubt about its remedial effects in general. It is a queer re-animation which leaves a patient with rheumatism all over her body when, thirteen weeks before, rheumatism had forced her to the hospital! If this sort of stimulus be curative, then it is something too profound for my intelligence to penetrate; it is a conundrum beyond interpretation. Thus it stands that this poor recipient of electricity is on the

look out for a guide-post honest to its name ; and, with her legs getting like sticks, she will soon be *carried* on the road if some wise wayfarer does not put her on the path of sanity. Hospitals and other establishments will still be equipped with these appliances, however, and stick-like legs will continue to go in and out of our institutional premises ; research will beat its electrical big-drum, and the crowd will be invited to walk up, even though they cannot walk. *Vanity Fair* is a mysterious place, and woe to the soul who has ventured therein.

Our Suspicion of Salvation

But *outside*, where the hope of rescue lies, the soul is seized with fear even when the means of succour are at hand ; how strange it is, this timorousness to common sense. A sufferer for sixteen years had started on his course down hill by ill-feeding himself into *diarrhoea* ; he is twice in hospital, once in an infirmary, and loses appendix and gall-bladder on the operating-table ; in spite of which he is still subject to periods of ill health. Now he is startled by the advice that he should live on fruit and salad-vegetables ; he has been warned to shun the luscious grape, and asks if lemons will not make him worse. *Worse?* Is he not bad enough already—does he want more of the knife to make him well ? Why did he not gain strength with the loss of his vitals, why does the surgical treatment of diarrhoea leave him with unabated looseness ? What can be done for those who will not think, nor read a sign-post though it points to health ? Why is the inscription “Heaven” interpreted as spelling “Hades” ? How much more

comforting it is to meet a pedlar on the way and buy his tinsel trumpery, calling it pure gold, than to push on towards the town where things are real.

Listen to these instances of irresolution. "I have all your books, and have largely profited by them," writes a man in doubt. "My wife took a good number of lemons, and, while she felt much better, developed an ulcer in the stomach which many attributed to having too much lemon juice. It eventually got better, and as she left off the juice it was said the latter was the cause. However, she has now an ulcer again in the stomach, so it is clear the juice is not the cause, and I shall be very grateful if you will give me some advice."

Let us examine the main points of his letter. Why did this man and his wife take lemons if not because they were already in ill health? The woman being sick, was it not likely that ulcers would supervene? What *are* ulcers but the natural outlet for poisons in the system? Lemon juice would *assist* the excretion of impurities, through the channel of the ulcers, and, had she persevered in taking it, the juice would have driven out the poisons until the system had been cleansed, when the ulcers would have healed, their office having been performed. The trouble was actually disappearing; she had got better, as he states, when she discontinued further help, and a recurrence of the ulcers was soon felt. Yet, although the man is satisfied that this purifying agency was not the *cause* of ulceration, he asks what the treatment should be, now that his partner is faced once more with danger, after getting better by the means which he had proved to be beneficent! Truly the

witlessness of folks is beyond all patience, and it is not to be wondered at that charlatans spring up, encouraged and fostered as they are in the forcing-house of ignorance.

Or in the case of another, who writes : " I have on the whole been better, and the fruit-liquor has quite prevented me requiring any aperient ; but I have developed a form of *osteo-arthritis* in my right thumb which is very painful, and with this pain my old faint sinking feeling has returned very badly. I think this feeling arises from *gout*, or, in other words, *acute acidity*, and I am wondering if the lemons can be increasing this acid-gouty condition ? I am very gouty, and it is from this I fear I get this sick sinking feeling. I shall be so grateful for your kind advice."

You observe how *grateful* these doubters are—it is their characteristic ; but I would prefer their faith to their gratitude. This wobbling woman admits to being very gouty, and associates her sinking feeling with that trouble. She is wise in her surmise in this respect ; would that she were not so foolish in suspecting the merits of her cure. One great victory has been given to her, in that she has overcome the arch-enemy *constipation* ; she has put aperients aside, and feels the improvement through her frame, in being rid of a positive danger ; and yet, because she suffers the temporary inconvenience due to the elimination of poisons in her system, she wonders whether the means of her salvation are to blame !

She should be thankful that gout has done no more than leave her with a sinking feeling ; it might have brought her to her bed, a cripple.

She fails to realize that the pains in her thumb are accentuated by the stirring-up of what may have lain in her body for years. How can any incubus be removed but by effort ; how can a putrid pond be cleansed except by sweeping out the slime and filth that had settled at the bottom ? Does one expect the scent of roses when clearing a cess-pit or a drain ? Most human bodies are unconscionably foul, and the excreta of the gouty subject must be offensive in the extreme. How, then, are the revolting accumulations to be eradicated save by disturbance ; how else could they be dissolved and passed away ?

Courage is needed more for one's self than gratitude to him whose gospel is but half believed. Did Christian arrive at the *Celestial City* without ordeals ? Was it a walking-tour, with inns, clean shirts, and comforts on the way ? Did he have friendly lifts to cheat the journey of its full distance ; did he look round for a timely car that might have borne him to the place direct ? He had to suffer ere he reached his goal ; through suffering came his corresponding peace.

Ignorance the Parent of Fear

With most of us, who have not Christian's trust, our ignorance breeds its own alarms. We persevere through years of folly, and look for the erasure of its consequences in a week. We sink into a bog and wonder why we cannot just step out of it, dry-shod. Our cowardice is such that when we plod upon the right fairway we tremble at a rustle of the grass and see omens in the shadows of the clouds. A fool says, "*Lemons will dry up your*

blood!" and we halt or take to our heels in dread. We stretch our hands towards the clustering vine, an idiot whispers "*Grapes are acid!*", and we drink his death-draught to the dregs. If this woman will take lemon juice with but a grain of the resolution with which she has gulped physic and nostrums, she will reach her desired haven within a couple of months; the prize of the one will be health, the harvest of the other was gout and its attendant misery. I went through the period of disturbance while my frame was being cleansed; I cast aside aperients and the shams that would have led me to the grave. I was often tempted to return to the trumpery that had deceived me; and now, for sixteen years, my tongue has not known the taste of pills or drugs or draughts or tablets, which, if they possess true virtue, should have been *necessary* for my fitness in that period.

The Courage of a Cottager

Let us now turn to a simple cottager, one to whom a primrose by the river's brim is but a yellow primrose and no more, a man whose courage was aroused by his distress—his is a soul to meet, and from it to learn something about the qualities of lemon juice.

When living in Plymouth, a favourite ramble took me to a spot known ineuphoniously as Hole's Hole, a tiny quay-side on the banks of the Tamar, and on my way home I sometimes called at a certain cottage for a cup of tea. A tall, strong fellow is the cottager, of such a build as I regarded with pardonable envy. It so happened that three or four months elapsed between my previous

visit and that which is concerned in what I am about to state. Entering the cottage, I was met by the housewife, looking sad ; and crouched by the fire I saw a man whom I did not recognize. "Well, how are you and your husband ?" I inquired, as she prepared the table. "Bad !" she replied ; "he's very bad !" and pointed to the bundle in a chair. You may imagine my amazement ; he, whose stalwart figure had towered above me but a few months before, was now a huddled bag of bones, so thin and wretched that I did know him. "What, *you*?" I asked, involuntarily—"pray, what's the matter?" "Ulceration," came a voice ; "it has almost done for me !"

Between himself and his partner I gathered the threads of a tale that could be told by many thousands. I heard of the usual mess-feeding, the frequency of meals composed of cooked, unsuitable, and devitalized fuel, the consequent pains which had been lightly treated as *a touch of indigestion*, the customary bottles of physic when the doctor was consulted ; I was told of *rheumatics* and a combination of mispronounced disorders. I learnt of constipation, of course, and the purging which aggravated it, of ointments, and hints of a nursing home, until they brought me to the point of his complete breakdown, when gastritis and ulceration summed up the verdict on his case.

"How are you being dieted now?" I asked. "Milk," came the voice faintly, "and medicine." "The physic is supposed to cure the constipation caused by the milk?" "Yes ; but I suffer dreadful with it!" "Will you try something else?" "Anything, sir, if it would only get me well."

So I asked him whether he would dare to launch upon an unknown sea, when, to my astonishment, they both determined on the voyage. These two poor people, unlettered and without degrees, would pledge themselves to sail on waters of which credentialled navigators had never taken soundings—it seemed impossible to find such faith where intelligence was so limited.

A month afterwards I approached the cottage once again. I had left a chart with the venturers, showed them the course, warned them of its rocks and shoals, and, bidding them good cheer, had besought their constancy. Now, in the courtyard, I saw that cottager, bent and still feeble, walking slowly with the aid of a stick—but he had not been drowned; and in another month he was at his work. Juicy fruit had been his cure: he had cleansed his corrupted body; he had defied superior orders, throwing physic to the dogs in secret; he had paid no heed to warnings as to drying up his blood with lemon juice; he had crossed the ocean of conventional fear; he had weathered storms and had parched in torrid calms; his comrade had been his comfort in the hour of trial; and there he was, happy and at home, because he had been steadfast—he had probably done more than you would care to undertake, for all your advantages of intellect.

Our Widespread Misery

As we mingle with our fellow creatures, how rarely we dwell upon the misery which is concealed in the clothes of those who cross our path. Of the mass engaged in getting *on*, how many are getting *off* their mortal coil; of the men or women walking

at our side, or of those who press upon us in the crowded train, how many are in wretchedness, and we observe it not ; of those who wait upon us, how many should be waited on ? Their aches are known but to themselves ; it is the *smell* of unhealthiness which peradventure we distinguish.

A poor fellow writes : " I cannot shake off a dull pain in the small of my back on the right side. I am a conductor on electric trams in London, and during my work up and down the steps of the cars I get so worn and tired out that I think my nerves are a lot of my trouble. I want good advice and feeding up. The action from the bowels is always very offensive and relaxed."

His is the condition of hundreds who, all day long, mount and descend the steps of misery ; they take our fares and punch our tickets ; we expect them to be pleasant, little dreaming that their hours may be drawn-out weariness, with perhaps a constant gnawing in the side and the threat of an evacuation offensive and relaxed. Yet in his case, despite the deplorable condition of the man—to himself and as a public servant—he craves my good advice as to *feeding-up* ! One need have patience, for the world is full of ignorance ; and is he not a dweller in that Babylon of Moonshine, teeming London ? It is a place where those who scarcely move a limb are fortified with hearty breakfasts, and are lifted to their work while digestion copes as well as it may with a load comprising eggs and bacon, coffee or tea, white bread, fish, and marmalade—as if compelled to take the task by law established. Then follows lunch—as though starvation had been theirs—a meal that

makes for foggy brains, so that by three o'clock in the afternoon it is surprising to find a business man who has returned to his office, or, being there, is in a fit state to comprehend his business. A muddled hour drags on and tea is wanted, after which, the day's *work* being over—*work*, mark the word—the home-bound vehicles dump them at their doors, where the aroma of the full-set dinner gives comfort to impatient *hunger*!

Metropolitan Moonshine

I know the vast Metropolis, having been born therein ; I know its interest in knife and fork, its sufferings for lack of food, its penalties for excess of what it should be lacking, its inconspicuous love of labour, its love of pleasure, its knowledge of constricted circles, and its condescension of what should awake vehement ecstasy—the average Londoner is over-stuffed, till his food is stuffed into his brain. I have had Londoners here, in this marvellous county of infinite variety. The witchery of Dartmoor has scarcely roused them to a phrase beyond "It's very nice"; cliff, hill, and river have been looked upon with a passiveness that might confront a placard in the Strand. Fields, though their sweep of view extends to a sky-line forty miles away, are "rather quiet"; solitude, and the peace that passeth understanding—such as I have felt on the bosom of the South Pacific—this is disparaged for its "lack of population." I have taken them to spots where they and I might be a thousand miles from the hubbub they desire, and where they should have held their breath, as beholding a transfiguration; a nasal drawl has

dismissed the sacred influence as being "tolerable for a fortnight's holiday"! I have felt inclined to *shake* them into wonder; and in a little while the grave will take them to a solitude where only dust will rest upon their eyes. Deluded tram-conductor, a victim of environment on which the moonshine widely falls, he would feed up, on good advice, and London would reply "Quite right." His nerves are shattered, therefore their fragments shall be cemented with—the elements that shattered them! If only some of the electricity which moves his tram could impart a shock to the minds of millions who believe in *feeding* as the cure for *failing*, London would indeed be a hive of steady healthiness, instead of a haunt of alternating spasms and inertia, a spot where souls seem striving to escape from their own selves.

The Stuffing Craze

Here again medical science shows itself unscientific. In certain quarters it is not considered enough that the sick body should be restored by the methods which made it sick—like curing like as hopelessly as evil cures evil—but that the peace of painlessness can be attained only by the sheer horrors of excess. There is the *stuffing craze*, an instrument of torture as vain and hideous as the rack of the Inquisition. This terror does not belong to independent practitioners alone; it prevails in institutions for which subscription-lists are held before the public eye, and where reason and humanity are expected to reside.

Not long ago a maid in our household felt run down; why she should be run down, where only

three persons and herself were to be run for, I cannot tell. Anyhow, she would go into the local hospital for a rest. She was away for a few weeks, and, on resuming her duties in the home, she told us that among the sufferers in her ward were a couple of women who, as she described it, were being treated for serious *ulceration of their insides*, and that they vomited their food whenever it was given to them. These women were in such a condition that Nature did not want them to be fed—stomach-rest was the first thing needed. Feeding—that is to say, wrong feeding—had caused their trouble ; how, then, could their sufferings be cured by a continuance of wrong feeding ? If meat, boiled vegetables, white bread, pastry, custards, eggs, and stewed fruit be not wrong for *ulcerated insides*—and that was the diet of these two women—then I have gone absolutely astray from a sensible idea of Nature's requirements in the special circumstances, while the maid herself must have had a nightmare at each feeding-time, to see her companions' misery. But I know that what she told us is the truth ; I know that such a bill of fare—discreditable to those who know no better—is customary in the treatment of the sick ! Sick they were, industriously ; yet, although these helpless creatures rejected their food with each attempt to keep it down, *more food, and of the same kinds*, was given to them again and again, not a soul on the premises protesting against a means of cure so ruinous and idiotic.

Could these two women have been treated differently? Of course they could. Had their helpless bodies been nourished for a fortnight on

the juice of fruit—nay, had they been left to lie quietly for a week, with no more than sips of water as their sole support—do you doubt but that vomiting, with its consequent exhaustion, would have been speedily allayed, or that their *ulcerated insides* would have healed? Nature was defending them by the act of vomiting, which in itself was a sign of vitality, in that these two bodies could still throw out the offending incubus of food unsuited to their complaint. A truthful diagnosis of their case would have attributed their trouble to *wrong feeding*, while their *disease* would have been classed as *pigsbucketitis*, or meat, boiled vegetables, pastry, etc., taken as a fermentative mess—the actual means by which the women had been brought from a vertical to a horizontal position; a position, moreover, in which they were likely to remain for a length of time—for they were still vomiting when our maid bade both of them good-bye!

I am not speaking of days long past, or of a craze which has fallen into disrepute; this form of cruelty is pursued throughout the land to-day, and in places where you and I are fortunately outsiders. Often, when thinking of the dietary which is inflicted upon patients in these refuges—maintained, as they are, by the open hand of charity—I rub my eyes and ask whether I am living in the tenth or the twentieth century; then comes the terrible fact, beyond all contradiction, that as a rule, and as far as the feeding in these homes of healing is concerned, the handling of those who enter there is such as to put odds against their emergence! Were it not for the marvellous resistance on the part of Nature, by which recovery is brought about

in spite of systematic opposition to it, the death-rate in our infirmaries, hospitals, and nursing homes—the *preventable* death-rate I mean, of course—would arouse the public conscience to demand an inquiry for the protection of the weak. In the whole of this philanthropic country, where millions are unquestioningly contributed, year by year, for the well-being of the afflicted, I do not know of one establishment where the feeding is conducted systematically on rational lines.

Physic and surgery are recognized ; radiology, electricity, and other mechanical artifices are regarded as essential to the healing outfit ; while to the merits of correct feeding the authoritative and *researchful* eye would appear to be as blind as if it were enveloped by a double cataract.

The stuffing mania was made known to me more than twenty years ago, when it was in great vogue. It was a doctor who first drew my attention to the beastly fad ; indeed, he would have persuaded me to undergo its tortures. It was a certain cure, he said, for nervous affections, wasting diseases, and weakness of the digestive functions. The sufferer's stomach was filled with food from early morn till dewy eve ; and wonders were to be expected from the method—wonders which have filled untimely graves untold.

Stuffing Stories

Let us see how these wonders worked, from the narrative of one on whom the hateful test was made.

" You may be interested to learn," she says, " in which way an attempt was made to patch me up some years ago, when suffering from the severest nervous breakdown which it is possible to imagine.

For two months I could not walk ; I could hardly move my limbs ; they were absolutely as though they were paralysed. All I was longing for was death.

"Now this was the *cure* I underwent, and I surely must have a strong constitution after all, or else I would not be here to-day. I was put into a Nursing Home, and this is what the nurse *forced* down my throat, all this while lying in bed :—

7 a.m.: One pint of milk, four or five biscuits with butter.

9 " : Two fried eggs and several rashers, and fried or boiled fish ; toast, butter, marmalade, and one pint of strong cocoa with an egg in it.

11 " : A large plateful of either cold ham or mutton or veal and one pint of milk.

1 p.m.: A chop or steak, boiled vegetables, and three pounds of potatoes—they always were weighed for me ; bread and butter, milk pudding, and stewed fruit.

4 " : One pint of cocoa with an egg in it, and a large slice of cake.

6 " : A plateful of cold meat—the same as at 11 a.m.—and one pint of milk.

7 " : Hot meat—a chop usually, vegetables, and stewed fruit.

9 " : One pint of milk, with an egg in it, biscuits and butter.

"I remember as if it were to-day—it is now exactly ten years ago that they tried to kill me in this way—that I begged and begged that at least they should make an alteration in the hours *six* and *seven* p.m., so that when I had hardly finished one meal I had again to start on the seven o'clock supper ; but the proprietress of the Home told me she was sorry ; seven o'clock was the general supper-hour, and the cook would be

unwilling if she were to alter that! Also I remember well that when asking the doctor whether it was essential to eat all those potatoes, and that it seemed almost impossible, he replied: '*It all helps!*' I was not allowed to leave *anything*; the nurse had strict orders to put it down in a little book if I did eventually leave a scrap on my plate, and then the doctor would be very cross with me, and would scold me, and say that I would not get well if I did not eat everything that he prescribed! You can imagine what I felt like during those terrible six weeks in bed—with all this food thrust upon me, and of course enemas all the time, first thing in the morning—they did not leave anything to chance! I despaired of ever getting well again. Then when back home I ate less and less, and speedily got better, until I was my old self. The doctor, I may add, is considered in London a very clever man."

Yes, he must be clever, in that he has escaped prosecution by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or incarceration in a Home for Imbeciles. Anything more revolting from physical and æsthetic points of view, anything more opposed to common sense, as a means of healing, and anything more calculated to render recovery impossible, I cannot conceive. Think of her poor body being made the battle ground for the struggle between Nature and the evil dietary invented by ignoramuses. The positive cruelty of it, apart from the futility of such a *cure*! Four pints of milk and a quart of strong cocoa, plus four eggs per day—this would have more than sufficed to feed the sufferer for a week; but, with the addition of biscuits, butter,

bacon, ham, mutton, veal, chops, steaks, boiled vegetables, potatoes by the three-pound dose, bread, cake, milk puddings, and stewed fruit—why, had I been the *stuffer*, and the *stuffed* had died, I should have probably expiated my crime in penal servitude, and deservedly. How the doctor could have been obtuse enough to pursue such a lunatic course for as long as a month, how his patient's looks of loathing could have left him unsuspecting of his obsession, how his victim's failure to make progress could have made no impression on his sympathies, how the ghastliness of the whole stunt did not appal him, baffles my understanding altogether—he must have been cast-iron from heel to head. Yet he was but one of many at that time, and *Stuffing Homes* did a wonderful business until a new mania seized the medical mind.

Let us suppose a dialogue between a mechanic and the proprietor of a motor-garage, and we shall more readily realize the utter foolishness of this particular offence to Nature.

MECHANIC: Please, sir, Mr. Blank's car was towed here last night, completely broken down, and I attended to it this morning.

PROPRIETOR: Oh!—a bad smash?

M.: Dreadful; all to bits.

P.: Have you put it right?

M.: Well—I'm *putting* it right, sir.

P.: How are you doing it?

M.: Oh, by a fine new method—quite the latest—picked it up in last week's *Motor Mirage*.

P.: Something new—what's the secret?

M.: Well, when a car's smashed up, you fill the

tank with petrol, and then, say an hour or two afterwards, you fill it again, and then—

P.: *But the car's not running*—what's the use of petrol at all?

M.: That's the secret, sir—that's why you *do* fill it up, and keep on filling it.

P.: But how's the petrol got rid of if the car's not working?

M.: Easy enough, sir—you pump it out again—*force-pump*, you know.

P.: You're dreaming; you don't mean to say that filling the tank will put the smashed machinery together again?

M.: Yes it will, sir—or the *Motor Mirage* says it will.

P.: Get out, you fool! Go to the office and pick up your wages; there's no room for an idiot in this concern.

Notwithstanding which, the *Motor Mirage* has an enthusiastic article in its next week's issue, relating further to this miraculous method of mending machinery by *cramming its stomach*, so to speak! The supposition bears directly, by analogy, upon the madness known as the *stuffing cure*; and so the credulity of a long-suffering public is exploited, while fad succeeds fad from the brains of the learned! Tell me, after a little thinking, if you wonder that the world is full of sickness when those who should lead us—those who say they *can*, be it remembered, and take money from us for the assertion—command us to follow a banner which might have been raised by inmates of Bedlam?

You remember that I referred, just now, to the case of a woman who had been a gouty subject for

years, and who, because her symptoms were at first *increased* by lemon juice, had come to a parting of the ways in her doubts as to whether she should continue with the treatment. The treatment had already banished constipation—she had received a tremendous mercy in that fact alone—yet there she stood, at a point where paths diverged, and where finger-posts directed in the right and wrong directions; should she trudge on along the weary road which led to *nowhere*? She stands at a loss, staring around her, longing for the sun, yet inclined to turn away upon the moon-cursed track; she cries to me “Where am I?” and I tell her to go forward, and to have good cheer.

Well, then, what do you think was this woman’s report, *in less than a week*, after following my advice to persevere through the period of disturbance? “There is no doubt the pain in my thumb, also a very bad gastric attack I am just recovering from, are due to the stirring-up of poisons”—such is her assertion, based on the discovery which had been made by faith. “I have passed much bile,” she continues, “and now begin to feel better. I shall certainly continue your treatment of the lemons and fruit. I take three or four lemons a day and the fruit-liquor, and shall go on with both. I believe firmly in the treatment; but there is no doubt it stirs up the bile, and until it passes I feel very bad and look very yellow.”

Very bad—and yellow! Had she not been bad for years; had she not been *worse* than yellow? *Yellow!* I saw a poor soul in Cornwall who had fed herself so frightfully that her skin was *green*! A green thought in a green shade; but not so

pleasant as the poet meant. Her body was literally choked with bile ; she was a piteous thing to look upon, and her comfort came from the dreaded fruit juice. Of course, the bile, as well as what is foul, must be made to move before restoration can be won. Is not a house put into a state of tremendous disorder while *spring cleaning* is in progress ? Furniture, curtains, oil-cloth—all must come away from their accustomed places. So it is with the human house : to be spring cleaned it is turned topsy-turvy. This woman now knows how she stands, and courage will prove its answer to many a doubting friend, I hope.

Libelled Lemon Juice

Gross-libelled lemon juice ; were it nauseating, if *instinct* shivered at the thought of it, and not timidity, one might suspect its manifold virtues. But because its flavour to the tongue is *acid* we think a drop of it should be enough, though we will drown our salads in seas of *vinegar* or take the filthiest doctor's stuff with equanimity. I have seen infants sucking at whole lemons ; it was their habit, and their impunity made them sturdy babes. For the past sixteen years lemon juice has been a daily portion of my food. I have drunk an undiluted tumblerful at a dose, and that for more than thirty consecutive days. I, too, was yellow while the effects of improper fuelling were being driven from my system. The devil in me was cast out by faith, though at a stage—made fearful by the looking-glass and by the prayers and gibes of those around me—I had all but wavered in my purpose. Now I would rather forfeit the tongue that talks to you

than recant that faith, for it led me into undimmed light. Some day the merits of this wondrous fluid will be understood ; but millions will meanwhile be left to pine or die at the unthinking dictates of convention.

A man in the north tells me that he has spent some weeks in hospital, where one of the medical staff is performing miracles with lemon juice. Sufferers from ulceration and gastritis are walking home, within a fortnight, as *cured* bodies ; not as tinkered creatures, taken home in the ambulance, with probably a lifetime of sickliness before them, while some are placed as out-patients within a few days. *One* out of the staff—do you follow me ? What are the others doing, then—opposing him ? Can they see, or do they refuse to see, what this solitary intelligence is enabled to achieve ? Why, in this hospital, should even one practitioner turn somersault, so to speak, in his methods of treating stomach trouble, unless from conviction that his previous treatment had been wrong ?

In the fifteenth century it was the recognized custom to apply *hot oil* to wounds, and to use *heated instruments* in surgery. Paré, the great-hearted Frenchman, had brought his genius to no further pitch when he followed his monarch to the wars as surgeon-in-chief. An occasion happened when hot oil was unobtainable, and in his extremity he ventured to soothe the soldiers' agonies with the emollient *cold !* With grave misgivings he passed a restless night, and met the morrow dreading the consequences which his rashness might have brought about. What was his amazement to find that those who had been so treated were in com-

parative ease, while the others, victims of orthodoxy, were writhing and groaning in their pain !

What would be the answer, think you, were you to ask the most ignorant man in the town, at this hour, if *hot* oil were suitable for assuaging the torment of open wounds ? He would call you a fool to your face ; and yet five hundred years ago it was a rule in surgery. Since then a host of other seeming impossibilities have been the sport of medicine. Ideas as foolish as hot oil have had their day and ceased to be ; and, in these broader times, it is the duty of humanitarianism to rid the world of notions which but burrow in the earth while claiming that their labours lead towards the sun. Let us regard the courage of some who have refused to grope in darkness, but have seized this blessed fruit of which medical research scarce knows the taste.

A Brighton nurse, while teaching others to be well, was brought to a standstill by the errors of her education. Daring came to her from her despair at the prospects of her life and livelihood. This is how she tells her story :—

“ I have been going to write to you for weeks past to tell you how grateful I am to you for your little book, *Nature's Way*, which a friend of mine brought to me when I was recovering after hemorrhage from duodenal ulcer. For years I had suffered from acute indigestion and constipation, and used to have terrible attacks followed by sickness ; then on the second of last July the climax came with severe hemorrhage.

“ After fourteen weeks of treatment I began to work again. I am a trained nurse by profession,

and 'careful feeding' was the order of the day; but, alas! all the old trouble began again, and I was feeling very sorry for myself, when a friend came to see me and brought your little book and left it for me to read, and I promptly began to take your advice. My diet now consists of fruit and nuts, and except for tea in the afternoon all my drink, taken before meals, is lemon juice with sultanas before breakfast and orange juice before lunch, and sometimes before I go to bed. I take three meals a day. I have never felt so fit in my life—I haven't an ache or pain. I have had rheumatic fever and was subject to rheumatism, but I have none of it now.

"For about four months I have been taking six lemons a day, and now I take the juice of three before breakfast, and occasionally two or three in the evenings. I have found you many disciples because I look so splendidly fit—quite a number of my patients have got your little book. My standing order with my grocer was four dozen lemons and three dozen oranges; now it is three dozen of each a week.

"I thank you so very much for myself and the perfectly splendid work you are doing."

What am I Doing?

What *am* I doing? I prepare no nostrum for the stomach's sake; no pill is proffered in my name, nor fluid in a tax-charged bottle; neither tabloid nor lozenge sings my praise—I simply send a sufferer to any tradesman who may deal in fruit and vegetables. I don't say: "Stop! I must overhaul you; I must maul you; I shall have to saturate

you with some foreign substance"; or "I have a too-strong food which will constipate your constipation"; or "I know a confrére who will unnerve your nervousness with electric volts, or some one else who may *pull* your bones to looseness, if not apart." Really, it is laughable to think that there can be more merit in what I do than in one saying to another in the street: "Bedford Square? Yes, it's the third turning on the right—you can't miss it."

But he who asks his way may need to know it *to save his own or some one else's life.* It might be an inquiry of the most vital importance to him, and the direction, in that simple sentence, is a meritorious act indeed, though it would earn no statue, nor any honour from kings or men. If lemon juice would save the world, could the miracle be recognized? Think of a universal thankfulness to a yellow and sweet-scented fruit! Of course you smile. We worship weapons and the wielders of them. Men *cut* their way to glory and emoluments; or their dignities are drawn from needles and the poison put beneath the skin, or from frantic theories that are scouted in a month or two.

A simple doctrine is the faith for simpletons, and that is why the world is one wide pandemonium of delusion.

At all events, this Brighton nurse had *duodenal ulcer*—no trifling thing; she had need of help, and that right early. Years of indigestion, you will notice, had brought the climax, *hemorrhage*, and fourteen weeks of careful feeding on customary foods had brought her to her bed—*volition* was at an end. There could be no more nursing for others until she had nursed herself; her credentials

on her stationery and on a probable plate beside her door—these were a mockery until she had found the means of moving herself out of her own house, for she couldn't hope to wash and bandage and soak patients in physic *by correspondence*. There would be an end, moreover, to her monetary means, if bed were to prove her terminus, unless she had saved enough to live as an ex-nurse for the rest of her days. So she takes to lunacy, as the world would think, shakes her fist at Death—for he was coming up the stairs, that's certain—and places standing orders with her grocer for four dozen lemons and three dozen oranges, besides other fruit and nuts, per week, when, extraordinary to relate, the effects of moonshine, as attributed to her, were in fact bright golden beams from the rising sun, and to her commingling consternation and joy she realized, in the glow that filled her room, that her trainers, the friends around her, and herself had been, poor creatures, *colour-blind*! They had, in truth, been dazzled by the moon.

Moonshine on Dysentery

Or here is another case of one to whom courage came from his defeat. This man had been through the Great War, and was discharged with an internal war of his own, until he wondered which was worse—the campaign that had been or the struggle yet to be. "My trouble is *dysentery* and *mucous-colitis*," he informs me, "contracted while serving with the forces out East, and getting worse each year despite injections, hospitals, etc. The last doctor had a fancy to take my bowels out, and since reading your books how thankful I am that my

wife"—good woman!—"persuaded me to refuse. I cannot speak too highly of the relief I have received through following your advice. A few weeks ago I was in despair.

"Since starting the lemon habit I am feeling and looking a hundred per cent better, while my outlook is so different. My motions average six to eight by night and four to six by day. This, of course, is far better than before. Though the diarrhoea has not yet ceased, I am not passing the blood and mucus, nor getting the severe pain, so often. Some motions are blackish. I am thirty-four years of age, thin, weak, but, apart from diarrhoea, healthy and cheerful. Always a great believer in fruit, but forbidden to touch it. I have three fine, healthy children gradually being trained into Nature's way."

Then he outlines his dietary. He takes the juice of five lemons a day, and a glassful to sip through the night, besides the juice of four oranges, and other fruit, daily. He thanks me *gratefully and hopefully*—for what, poor fellow? Medical research had investigated him for years, and each year he was *worse*. Injections had mingled with his blood, and he should have been *well*, for, if the inoculators can be believed, there is scarcely a disease which resists the needle. And, injections having failed, was there not a doctor eager to remove this soldier's bowels as surely as shells removed the bowels of thousands in the war? So *this* was the medical hope for a warrior's recovery from a disordered condition of the blood—to make digestion hopeless by cutting out its wherewithal! Why should the sufferer have nothing for which to thank the treat-

ment he had undergone? Why should institutional practice have brought him to despair, why should he be cursed and not cured, by the methods of those who are referred to in the Press as brilliant or distinguished men; those who are courted by the best society; those who walk in purple while you and I might trudge in rags; men who stand upon foundations which are as old as folly, and work under classic domes and arches whereon the insidious moonbeams fall? Why, disillusioned, should he turn from savants and their wisdom, and out of a pedlar's basket, so to speak, pick oranges and lemons and other goodly fruit, clasping them to his breast in gratitude and hope?

Moonshine on Anæmia

Or, in further illustration, take the case of a victim who sends this piteous plea from a popular inland Spa:—

"For several months now I have been suffering from a very acute form of anæmia. I have no appetite, can hardly walk at all, and am fearfully out of breath. Since Christmas"—that is, during a period of nearly seven months—"I have been receiving treatment from a doctor here, which consists of one injection daily of strong iron, injected into the arm. I am also taking half a pint of the iron spring-water every day. All this seems to make my legs ache more every day, and I seem to have less and less energy, also I have not the slightest inclination to eat anything. I am sure that all the iron I have taken has affected my liver, as I feel very sluggish and am very yellow. My age is sixty-four."

This poor creature, in the last sentence but one, has made a better diagnosis of her condition than the man whom she pays for putting her wrong ! Of course it is the strong iron which is laying a bar on her digestive functions, and if some providence does not remove it she will be sent into her grave thereby. Surely, after seven days' prosecution of such folly—to say nothing of seven unmistakable months of it—the doctor should have realized that his patient was progressing backwards. And all the while the promptest energy of Nature was required to throw out the miserable stuff, even as the benighted practitioner put it into her persecuted body. Where was any peace for her ; where can it be now ; how will the struggle end but in death if this paralysing course of treatment be persisted in ? Why, to give her iron, in such quantities and in such a manner, as a cure for anaemia, is really the act of a man who cannot see. The injections are *causing* anaemia by poisoning her blood ; and mineral iron demands some power for its removal, I assure you. All these mineral medicines are deadly. Antimony will remain with a corpse for many years, preserving it ; mercury will lurk in the system for a generation. But were he to prescribe raw fruit and vegetables, or either—what a metamorphosis would be created in this helpless woman, what satisfaction would be the doctor's, were he a man of feeling ! And were she similarly *ironed* by a layman, and were to die, would he escape indictment, though a doctor would go scot-free ? It is a scandal that, although her means are contributing towards the shortening of her days, through the devices of incompetence,

this woman should have to appeal to one to whom the law gives no protection.

The Wrong Serum!

The papers report that a Swiss practitioner, having caused the death of a woman by injecting the wrong serum, has been found guilty without extenuating circumstances. He will spend four months in prison, and two more years without a licence to make fresh blunders. In his defence he explained how he had used a serum *intended for another illness*. The woman expired within two hours, in spite of his efforts to save her life. Not only a wrong but a *strong* cure, since, though supposed to banish the disease for which it was invented, it abolished the patient and her particular ailment at the same time, because she happened to suffer from a different malady! No; fruit juice doesn't work so partially. It is a strange remedy that has the power to destroy, and with such virulence. Will the public some day awaken to this danger, which requires labelling lest an error should mean certain death? Will the community realize that, even though a serum should be employed to combat a disease which is imagined to be related to its remedy, the remedy has nevertheless a potency to *kill*? If sound oranges and lemons were left lying about our streets, would children, eating the fruit, be found *dead* by the dozen? Would patients in our hospitals die wholesale if lemon juice were prescribed for *every* case? Would warnings be necessary to an effect like this: "Don't taste this juice unless certain of your complaint; to one it will bring recovery, to another it will mean a coffin!"?

We should be thankful when we have come to know that Nature is a *general* practitioner, and we pay no heed to the needle-man, who *may* give you your quietus with a bare bodkin !

Honour where Due

Judging by what I say and the tone of indignation by which I am often moved, you may imagine that I harbour bias against a body of men among whom there are and have been many heroes, many saints, and many sound philosophers. True, I lost my son under circumstances which might pardonably make me hate the name of doctor and the sight of a nurse's uniform. When I think of that baby's sufferings, and know that its sturdy frame was shattered by the treatment which, in my ignorance, had my trust ; when I picture its little body, wasted to a skeleton, its bowels brought out by persistent purging, and its digestion ruined by hopeless food, persistently administered ; when I remember that deathly mercury was given to an infant fighting for its very life ; when I realize that incompetence was showered upon my precious gift instead of wisdom, and that I was robbed of what should be the rightful pleasure of my present days ; when I feel, as I often do, the distraction of my three long months of agony, my heart would indeed be stone were it not to quiver for the wrong that was laid upon it, and for the gloom that has been cast upon many a hearth besides my own.

But you would do me an injustice to fancy, because I suffered by my darling's death, and suffered again when I sought equity in a court of law, that my mind has been so poisoned by the

tragedy as to deny all honour to a class. How could I dismiss the knowledge of what has been done in the service of mankind by the noble souls whose efforts for the furtherance of their kin will shine as guiding lights for ever? Those who have kept their posts in times of pestilence, and have perished with the meanest; those who have faced the din of battle and have had no thought of self while destruction raged around them—should I shut my eyes to the memorials which command our reverence for such men? “Greater love hath no man than this: that he lay down his life for a friend”—how often have I stood before that touching tribute inscribed to the memory of a doctor who gave up his spirit to the needs of the poor and suffering. In the church of Moretonhampstead is a tablet raised in recollection of a doctor whom I knew; he died while tending a wounded soldier. Are there no medical names on the rolls of honour which commemorate the sacrifices of the late war? Are there no influences in our general midst left in the footsteps of those who did their work in secret, and passed away without a thought of fame?

Studying in Moonshine

Any censure that I utter is against methods, and not against men; or, if I disparage individually, it is in instances of stupidity or pride where the practitioner himself confesses it. A good man is superior to his creed; he is good in spite of it; and the true doctor is superior to the training which equipped him. He has been loaded with a life-saving apparatus which is leaky and ill-fitting; it is prone to sink a body, while intended to keep it

afloat. Medical men are among my closest friends ; some are, indeed, inseparable from me. But if an institution should be misdirected and inefficient in its main professions, and if my experiences are corroborated by hundreds of corresponding cases, should I be silent where life and happiness are in jeopardy ?

The medical student is taught that physic is a remedy for the general range of human ills. I say that physic is a fallacy ; that it is a substitute for food, and that, as the abuse of food is the cause of most disease, our hope lies in a proper choice of fuel and its right combustion. Nature will not tolerate substitutes, and I prove my declaration to be true. The student is made familiar with the use of weapons ; he is taught dexterity in the art of mutilation. I protest that the indiscriminate habit of performing operations—and the habit is becoming more and more infectious, in a double sense—is a delusion and an outrage, and that Nature rebels against the misdemeanour, punishing violence with violence. It is the duty of one who has learnt this truth to raise his voice against what is proved, by its own results, to be in the main unnecessary, cruel, and against the very principles by which the art of healing is professedly justified. The day cannot be far distant, surely, when men will stand aghast at the recital of brutalities which were perpetrated in the name of science.

The student therefore goes into the world with wrong directions as to the course he should pursue. He is led astray on the two cardinal points which are represented to be his claim to authority. He

supposes he has knowledge where he does *not* know, or he finds in practice that his schooling is of little use, if he has eyes and a heart and a mind to learn. Unless his soul be pure and he discerns deception, he becomes a tout in *Vanity Fair*, selling tinsel for gold, or offering poison as a life-elixir. He wrangles in a chorus of contradiction ; he looks and turns he knows not whither ; he becomes one of the community of that strange town, to spend his days and nights in moonshine. The medical student is to be pitied, on the whole, in that he does not have a fairer chance.

Disagreeing Doctors

Here is a case in which, the doctors disagreeing, the patient has had to pay the penalty ; she who, for her trust, has been left with a body which will *always* ache.

"When writing to you some time ago," this woman cries so plaintively, "I told you of my illnesses and an operation. You replied that the operation was wrong and had done harm to the body. I can now say you were absolutely correct in your statement. A few months since I was very ill, and my doctor took me to see a very eminent physician—not a surgeon. He said it was criminal to have operated in my state of health, and of course I had become weaker and worse altogether. Acting on the advice of the doctors, I went into a nursing home again for treatment, observation, and X-rays. Three exposures of the last-named revealed that I have *visceroptosis and hepatic flexure of the colon* ; the operation for appendicitis had apparently never been necessary. The doctors

told me I should never be really well, and must live by rule ; and on leaving the home one of them gave me a diet-sheet and a list of rules.

"I told him I had been trying a fruit diet as advised in your *Nature's Way*, and he entirely agreed, even to the efficacy of lemons. He said they were quite good for me, and if I could get fatter I should improve greatly. I always wear an abdominal support. Even with rest and careful diet I have a lot of pain ; the nervous system seems to be completely upset. I weigh about five stone and ten pounds. Before my operation the surgeon said that the festering of my fingers was due to ill health and would be quite better later—a complete fallacy. One doctor advised painting with *iodine*—useless. I have tried different ointments and hot fomentations with *boric* lint. Again the doctors say it is due to ill health, and if I could become stronger the festering would disappear. Lately I have been in despair, and your description of the cure you achieved personally when suffering with bites or boils has led me to hope you might suggest something to alleviate this continual trouble. Since following the diet suggested in *Nature's Way* I am never constipated ; indeed, I feel better, but never well.

"My husband, who is a chemist, was inclined to laugh at my fruit diet ; but now he is convinced it is doing me good, and himself advises other people to try it, although, as he says, it is against his business. Your little books are among my treasured possessions."

Now listen : an operation for appendicitis, which is subsequently declared to have been wrongly

diagnosed, and in any case was considered by the physician to be criminal, bearing in mind the patient's weakness—such was the start given to a condition which will deprive this poor creature of happiness for the rest of her term. Do you call that a good set-off, through surgery? There is no record of anything else being tried—the knife was the cure, and it did not cure. Now it is late in the day to hand her a diet-sheet and a list of rules. The damage has been done; she has lost parts of her body which all the King's horses and all the King's men can never put into good order again. And as to lemon juice, its efficacy should have been admitted before the cutting, and not afterwards. Her original state of weakness was doubtless the result of wrong feeding ; the symptoms developed by indigestion were accepted as proofs of appendicitis—in other words, a *guess* was made, and a wrong one—and she was put on the operating-table before a trial of rational dieting had even been entertained. Or if a hint of such an expedient had been whispered, what would have been the chance of gaining the approval of one doctor in a hundred? And while she was ill her advisers attributed her illness to ill health, comforting her with the assurance that if she could only get better she would not be so ill! Oh, what would I say to a boy who, if my motor-car were broken down, had shouted from the kerb that if only I could get the engine to work the wheels would revolve? Can you wonder that I feel it difficult to keep impatience on the leash when I read such stories of confusion as come to me week by week? Is it not hard even to be charitable, and to make allowances, when one

knows the hopelessness that so frequently quits the doors of hope, due to the fact that the knife is too frequently the surgeon's *first* resource, and not his last? It is, indeed, a terrible thought that, year after year, an institution is sending forth ambassadors who, trained in erroneous ideas, spread misery too often where only joy should flourish at the magic of their hands.

CHAPTER V

Bursts of Sunlight

ICONOCLASM AND CONSTRUCTION—THE VALUE OF A CLEAR IDEA—THE WILDERNESS OF YOUTH—MISERY AT FORTY-SIX—A DAWNING OF INTELLIGENCE—FEEDING ON THE FARM—THE WARNINGS OF FIVE MEALS A DAY—THE DEDUCTIONS OF EXPERIMENT—A BOOK ROMANCE—BEGINNING TO LIVE—CONSIDERING CANCER—OUR TABLE TYRANNY—THE STATE OF MILLIONS

Iconoclasm and Construction

THE iconoclast is a breaker of images and idols ; he has but the bare pleasure of destruction. He may cause consternation by the crash, and eyes may be awakened by the loss of what was dear. Progress may come from ruin, and it often does ; but the work of the destroyer is seldom so enduring as that of him who builds while he pulls down.

Let an idol be removed, and it is astonishing to note how soon the mind forgets it, or ceases to find need for it. To do *without*—that should be the main philosophy of mankind ; and from renunciation springs the deepest rapture of the soul. As we relinquish our desires so is the bounty of our joy increased. Let one proceed upon that line of thought to prove what reality there is in things that we deem insubstantial, and how hollow and superfluous are many of the gods we worship ; we prove them to be *gawds*, not gods.

Sometimes it is only by annihilating these impostures that our interests can be diverted into profitable channels. Certainly the iconoclast has his fitting place in the march of progress ; nevertheless the reformer is the most honoured in its ranks. To construct out of chaos, to bring order from disorder, to plant the flowers of serenity where the weeds of bewilderment grew wild, to offer the fundamental truths of experience in place of the flimsy infatuations of fashion—this is the duty and reward of him who would urge the world upon the upward way.

"I never would have thought," says the opening passage of so many letters I receive—"I never would have thought that health could be attained *without* the aid of medicine." No ; there were times when men believed a serpent had the gift of language, and that it could seduce a mortal to rebellion by superior reasoning ; we are resigned to-day, when looking on a snake, to find that it is dumb and cannot argue with us. The earth was said to be the centre of the universe ; we disbelieve it now, and get on better for our heresy. Papal anathemas had no effect upon the jackdaw of Rheims ; the bird was just as mischievous with or without them. We grow stronger by the riddance of our wrappings, as a wound is healed by taking off its pads ; and when we throw physic down the sink we dismiss an imp which formerly controlled us.

Often, to leave a thing behind is to gain corresponding strength for pushing on. I have passed tramps who were hindering themselves by carrying unwieldy bundles of rags and odds and ends—

bundles that yielded neither food nor warmth ; yet they were borne as with some incongruous desire for mere possession, mile after mile and day by day. We are like such vagrants, till we learn that we have been deceived by some stupid fetish. To be free from impediments—this should be the aim in life's hard expedition ; prove it, my friend, to the last pin or button that you can throw away.

What is there, then, for me to raise on the ruins of a structure that was once so formidable ; what shall I set up for the shrine at which millions have bowed down ? There was a ritual mysterious and awe-inspiring, there was a creed involved and arrogant, connected with the craft of medicine—what shall I tender in substitution ? Surely I am to hold secrets from my followers—was ever a crusade transparent in its openness ? Where is the need to ask men's faith if there be no grounds for their credulity ? "Believe *what*," the world would say ; "a thing so obvious that we *comprehend* it ? That is not the way by which churches are filled, or consultation-rooms, for that matter. Your gospel will have no audience unless it points where none can follow."

The Value of a Clear Idea

I know it ; and I offer you no more than an idea—a clear idea, through which the eye can *see*. I will hold a burning-glass upon a spot, and from a point of light a conflagration shall expand until the temples of an outworn creed shall be no more than dust that scatters on the wind. I know that religions lead us round and round—their *processions* are parades which return but to the place from

whence they start. Men look for material symbols of their faith ; they express themselves in stone, in raiment, flags, and spoils of war. My message is an inspiration of the spirit, without a genuflection or a chant to consecrate it. It is a thousand sermons spoken in one single word—*simplicity*.

It is no discovery of my own. It is as ancient as the sun, for it comes from the blessed source of life. If there be merit due to me, it is in the fact that I bring brightness into places that were erstwhile dark ; I have merely applied and made known the truth. Freeing myself from a crushing burden, I have run forward on the road to tell poor faint and wandering travellers how I cut the load that pressed me to the ground, and how they too may escape from bondage.

As I have already said, for sixteen years I have been free from the servitude of medicine ; in other words, this body of mine has lived and moved and had its being without the prop upon which a body is supposed to lean, even in this enlightened age. I am able to say what very few can say, and it will create astonishment in many that I am enabled to state the fact at all, with truth. Why should it be remarkable that I have abstained from what I *never* should have tasted, had my parents and I been trained to rationalism ?

It cannot be expected that my body has received neither knocks nor shocks during a period of sixteen years. It would be a long time in which to defy convention, and to prove victorious, if convention were the course I should have followed. If physic and nostrums are necessary in sickness, why have I not failed, by abolishing both ? I am

told by a friend that during the past twelve months he has had the attentions of more than a dozen doctors—and now he is not well. But he should be in the pink of health were the promises of orthodoxy based on reason.

I found that I could do *without* the means that were proffered so abundantly ; that was all. Brass-plates, chemists'-signs, hospitals, infirmaries, and nursing homes—they were avoided, and successfully. Having taken to a certain path, and with certain notions as to my equipment for the journey, I experienced the truth that, by reducing my denominator, so did I put into my paces the strength which would have otherwise been needed for bearing the burdens I had formerly carried—like an unwise tramp—with the vague idea of mere possession. Piece by piece I had cut away top-hamper ; I threw deck-cargo overboard, I lightened the ship, and sailed the better for the use of a sharpened axe—to express myself nautically. In the matter of clothes or furniture or houses, and in many of the mental distractions which I had regarded as indispensable, I came to learn that I had required too much, and that, in proportion as I asked for *less*, so was my soul's true happiness rewarded twenty-fold.

Thus physic and quackery went down the scuppers—to sailorize again—and while those who made their cure-alls were poorer by my lack of custom I was the richer in my health and in the discoveries which enabled me to pass a secret on to others. Medicine was moonshine—I could prove it, and in sixteen years the proof has never been disproven. True, my pronouncement has been attacked—it would be a supernatural world if nobody snarled

around the truth ; but the signal set up for human guidance has not been as much as shaken.

The seasons born in sixteen years will try the weaknesses of any structure raised by men. The very mountains of the earth are dropping stones and boulders through each hour of time. Heat and frost and hurricanes disintegrate their surfaces ; their peaks grow less and less ; but the truth abides. The mind, by thinking, can create philosophies which outlive the mountain-ranges. Truth will be young and fresh when scarp and pinnacle are levelled with the plain. Alas, it is the time that people take to *understand* the truth !

The Wilderness of Youth

What was I, while the truth was hid from me, while I took no care to seek it, or while my fears and wretchedness aroused me to its search ? I was in my forty-seventh year, and by the order of Nature should have been, and should have felt, in the prime of life. My schooling had been passed long since—was I the wiser for it ? I had learnt something about Julius Cæsar and the Conqueror, I knew a few places on the map, and I was sure that two and two made four—that I could prove, by my pocket-money. But as to any systematic *training* of the intellect—how much did I get by class-room routine ? My thoughts grew wild, they were mostly my own, and they yielded the sweetness of wild-fruit. On one thing could my mind concentrate—a thing which in school was all but absent. Instinctively I turned to art, but without encouragement from my masters. Books I loved, and music, and the beauty on the face of Nature.

Yes, I was an undisciplined little fellow, a wild boy of the woods, indeed ; telling disasters in disastrous verse, reading the Bible with a wild sense of its glorious language, trying my hand at plays which even the wildest could not act, shunning church-services for the sunshine resting on the fields ; singing with an enraptured spirit, the first to be in line when the boys stood up to practise glees, or creeping from the dormitory, clothed in my night-shirt, as in a surplice, to sit on a stair nearest to the door which shut me out from the choral-class when elders joined in harmony at an hour that should have seen my eyelids closed—my life, through those young years, was an outpouring of enthusiasm, untrammelled by the tutors who might have twined my rapid growth to form a trellis or an arch. The gardeners missed me, and I left them with little more—as far as their efforts were concerned—than a recollection of the Conqueror's landing, and that if I spent twopence of my four-pence only twopence would remain.

The faults were mine, I dare say : I will be just to those who had so wild a plant to cultivate. But *did* they cultivate it, and to what degree was the educational *system* a mistake ? We were taught by rote—as a sailor teaches parrots on a voyage. By rote the imagination was contracted ; such wings as it had were clipped or folded—we were not allowed to soar beyond the bars of our cramped mental cage. Other people's brains were forced upon our own, until our thoughts, creating a world known only to ourselves, were dispossessed. We lived in secret, so to speak ; we longed for freedom ; a word would have liberated us to lasting

joy. But a hard routine was laid upon our ardent spirits ; the *circulation* of our minds was chilled, our vitality was lowered by a system which made learning a kind of punishment. And that is why the world is regulated by the pendulum of custom ; youth is driven forth to shift for itself, an earth-bound angel, seeking escape from the monotony of its false environment.

I quitted my schooling with little comprehension of my mind and less of my body. *Schooling* I am obliged to call it, though the word was meaningless to me, as it is to millions. My limbs were used in sports, but I was ignorant of the laws by which my limbs were governed. With the effects of indigestion, however, I had a wide acquaintance. From the subjects of my curriculum *physiology*—perhaps the most necessary of them all—was wanting. It was passed over as if it had yet to be discovered as a branch of science. I never remember a master uttering the word—he ate his meals as if *he* had no physiology to trouble him ; and through the years that I stared at books, and scrawled on paper, the one most precious book was missing. The pages that would have brought me knowledge of myself were never opened to my observant eyes. I went in blinkers, like those who should have guided me.

Misery at Forty-Six

Thus, with the home-feeding, the school-feeding, and the world-feeding of my after years, is it small wonder that I was a misery to myself at the age of forty-six ? I had escaped serious illnesses, it is true, and the knife had not been used upon me,

save for the slitting of my tonsils when in Germany. I was *intact*, which is more than could be said of many at my time of life. On one occasion I might have lost a toe ; but the offer to remove it was too casual, and, turning from the surgeon, who treated the matter as half a joke, I suspected my boots, when an easier size soon caused the disappearance of what had been diagnosed as a diseased bone ! My general trouble was biliousness ; it hung as a shadow between me and the world, year after year. It was the handicap of all I undertook—and I could have been rid of it at the cost of a few shillings ! I little thought that at the age of sixty-two my tongue would be as clean as a healthy child's. But I had no wisdom, and, like the crowd, I sat in consulting-rooms, or was visited by those who led me nowhere, or flew to quackery, believing that its lies were truth.

Change of scene and air was often tried. True, it afforded benefit, but the difference made by environment and atmosphere was not enough to dissipate the cloud that overhung me—it was on the exhilarating heights of Dartmoor that the crisis came. Only an operation, an immediate one, would enable me to get about : this was the verdict—and I began to *think*. To begin the exercise of intellect at nearly fifty years of age ; it was an impulse forced upon me by the grave danger which at last I saw—what a confession ! I had wandered over the moors in wretchedness, day by day, avoiding my fellow creatures if I could, while praying for a means by which I might avoid myself. Now I was to be imprisoned in a bed, and to be cheated of the only comfort

to my sickly soul—my close companionship with Nature.

So my schooling had done little for me. I had learnt of angles A, B, C, and how they equalled D, E, F ; but the angles of my knees and elbows, *how they became angles*, and straightened out, and the relation of my stomach to the capacity of any part of me to move at all—of this, while beyond the span of middle-age, I was to all intents and purposes a dunce, a blockhead. Therefore it was urgent that I should ask : “ What am I, and why am I in such a state ? ”

Was I doctored for my illness ? Naturally, for I knew no more than to follow the crowd. I had come to my present pass by conforming to convention ; therefore I did nothing unusual in asking for help from the usual quarter.

What help did I get from medicine, then ? Thin, pale, listless, my flesh falling away until friends questioned whether I should not decline—such was my condition physically, while my inherent energy of spirit raged impotently against its own depression. I had declined, the fact was evident ; I was already almost at a standstill, and from standing I should shortly lie, if the operation were performed. There would be no more wandering over hill and dale, perhaps for ever, or at best until after a weary pause. I should have to sink into unconsciousness ; I should know that preparations had been made for the strain which, in a few short days, would rack my weakened nervous system ; and when I awoke, if I did awake, there was to follow the unconscionable agony consequent upon the surgeon’s work. And while I lay in misery the clouds would float across

my prison-window—the *horizon* would be stolen from me, and my freedom to survey it, as had been my wont!

Bad as my state was, my practitioner's hope was mercury, and feeding-up. Strength was to be imparted to weakness by acts of violence; I was to take pills, volcanic in their power. My digestion, paralysed by bilious feeding, should be made active through an overload of such a food as would tax a strong man's stomach to the utmost. Milk must be drunk at meals and between meals—raw milk, moreover, as if milk were not too much of a meal at any time. And milk being regarded as *not enough*, a nerve-food was prescribed—one which its advertisements glorified as the acme of concentration; an admixture of cream, eggs, cocoa, and malted grain!

This was the treatment for a crippled man. *Treatment*—yes, the word has a grim significance. It was time to think, and to concentrate upon my thoughts, since there was to be full concentration in my food. How disgusting it all seems now, and all so futile! How a gloom passes over me when I dwell upon the sickening fact that thousands, at this hour of blessed sunshine, are being forced with the self-same remedies! Souls in bed, or in the swaddling-clothes of convalescence, being held back from progress by the cures which are believed to urge the suffering forward—how sadly I pass a nursing-home when I see wan faces gazing pitifully out of windows, perchance with envious eyes following my moving form, now that I have escaped their fate and am possessor of a secret which is kept from them.

A Dawning of Intelligence

I was at a window when I conjured the faculty which had been allowed to sleep so long. I was to employ that faculty on a serious mission, or I should be a victim to the knife. The bars of my cell were to be filed through, somehow, and without delay ; how should it be done ?

I looked out upon the fields—drear enough to me, for my soul was dreary—and on a sudden an idea flashed upon my mind, as in a feeble light : when did the cattle drink ? They were to be seen eating—they will eat for hours—I had seen horses feeding through the night—but when do they *drink*, and how frequently ? Now that I turned to the genie which I had summoned to my aid I remembered that sheep scarce drink at all, and that pigs and dogs are not *often* at a trough—as we are at the water-jug.

My landlord was a farmer, and I questioned him. “They *don’t* drink often,” he replied. “In the summer I ‘ave more trouble wi’ ‘osses an’ ‘orned beasts than wi’ sheep ; an’ ef I wattered my ‘osses directly after feedin’ ‘em I soon shoulden ‘ave one on the farm ; an’ ef I damps their chaff they gets worms, an’ gets blawed out.”

This layman knew more than my medical man, and further inquiries led me to a brighter light. Drinking *at* or directly after meals was a source of indigestion ; I would act upon the discovery forthwith. To my surprise and joy the cloud of biliousness grew lighter ; how, I asked my attendant spirit, could its shadow be dispelled ?

Firstly, the vaunted nerve-food was discontinued,

and for its loss I found immediate gain. Strange that a remedy should begin its work when left unopened in the parlour-cupboard ! And why, when the milk lay so heavy on the stomach and the eyelids—why should I not risk the absence of a thing which, when I saw it brought in on the tray, provoked repugnance to the pitch of nausea ?

Minus the egg-cream-cocoa-malted-mixture, and minus milk, I made marked headway. The poison-pills had been scattered on the cobbled yard—did the fowls swallow them as some new-fangled grain ? Surely not ; they must have had more sense than what was mine but a week or two before. Besides, I should have heard of the visitation, for mercury would have killed them off more wholesale than the market warranted.

Feeding on the Farm

Something was radically wrong both with my dietary and dosing—it must have been wrong for many years—and I had never noticed it. What was the feeding on the farm, what had I been putting down my throat too consciously in ignorance ? I had always thought the food was properly chosen for the body's nourishment. It tasted very well ; the housewife—clean, good soul—was domesticated, and was proud in the knowledge that nobody over a wide radius could produce heavier heavy-cake than hers. Surely it *was* food ; could I entertain a doubt about its suitability and life-giving power ? What family fed otherwise, among the farmer-set ? I knew of none. Meat at every meal. At dinner, meat and boiled vegetables—mountains of slush—puddings, pastries, tarts, pies, junkets, custards—

aasters they called the list which followed in the wake of meat and vegetables—if this was not *food*, well, what could be?

But I have outrun my narrative ; let me proceed from the hour of awaking. The day's activities were started by the early cup of tea, made indigestible by the accompaniment of bread and butter or white-flour biscuits. When the cows had been milked the family sat to breakfast—*tetties an' baacon* ; that is, pork-food and starch-food, fried, with buttered white bread, or bread and cream and jam, the whole washed down—*too far down*—by cupful after cupful of dark rank tea. Within a couple of hours the able-bodied converged to the table again, as if they had been away for ages—the grandfather, or *granfer*, had been left in the room, helpless in a chair ; he was slowly dying of arthritis. This also was a meat-meal, with such bits as might have been overlooked at breakfast. Two hours went by, and the dinner-gathering happened, as I just described. Tea was a *meal* ; not an ascetic sipping of the cup that cheers, with a bite or two at what might have done no permanent harm. Frequently it was '*igh-tea*', under some social pretext, as in the arrival of visitors, or without excuse at all. Meat figured on the table, as I have led you to suppose, made bold in the company of long oval pies, or juice-oozing tarts, their crusts well sugared and perhaps dabbed with cream. Then, of course, there was supper : more meat, more bits, with cheese, and *zider*.

Such was the daily intake of these country folks ; they would have been amazed had one discovered it was wrong. *Granfer* was there at every spread ;

he remained all day where he had been, but a yard or two from the bounteous board ; and when he was carried upstairs to bed he seemed sorry at the parting. Before the inevitable took place, however, his spirits had been cheered with a bow of *kittley-broth*, or his taste took a change in whisky and water—hot enough, I thought, to jerk arthritis from his wrinkled fingers.

Well, they flourished under this stern rule—the only rule to which I remember the household showed a quick obedience. The old man was dying ; he had been going to die as each year came in—the promise had been cancelled for a decade, at least. To hint that anything but the winter wet had fixed his joints would have roused a storm of contradiction. It was the cold and rain—they minded that especial month when us coulden' keep a dry rag on 'im—'twas Febrerry, gone quite ten year ; so silence on the point spoke wisdom. The farmer's wife was bulky, with a Dutch-galleon stern, and legs that were gettin' stiff-like, while their veins, on occasions of extra-busy days, had sensations of 'ot wires, and a tendency to bust. By her goosey waddle, growing more and more pronounced, I conjectured that it could not be long before she sat by granfer's side, also helpless in a chair, and also near the feeding-table. There was this consolation guaranteed to her : that when she could not feed herself she would be fed. *They*—the survivors, so to speak—would see to it that nourishment went to her lips. *They believed in it*, and granfer never said them nay—he was a grateful invalid ! How they would account for mother's inability to work,

when the sad day came, I declined to guess. It might be that fatal morning when she hurried to market—*Red Tom*, the old horse, having himself gone lame. It might be *the sweat as poured out o' me*, as she described it when recounting the incident. It might be the boisterous evening when she chased a fowl about the yard for the morrow's dinner, and she *caught a chill an' the 'ole rheumatics*—there, it might be anything. But the wholesome food that she had eaten since she was a baby—it could never be the cause of her contortions.

One of the boys had died at twenty-five, of a slow consumption. Nature made desperate efforts to save him. He was a willing young fellow, and deserved to live, if we can adjudge rewards to any one. Besides, he was useful to the business of the farm. But he withered in spite of *tetties an' baacon*, beef, pies, stews, hashes, and the mess he administered to his enfeebling body while he could, five times a day, and daily throughout the year, until, deprived of even the strength to raise his knife and fork, the others saw to it that he did not miss a meal, although towards the end it was resolved into pap, meat-extracts, and refined fish-oil. There was much praying and hymn-singing for his recovery. Sometimes a sort of festival was held when an unusually distinguished lay local preacher had been caught—enticed, it might be, by the family's wide reputation for their love of the good things of the table. This was likely, and I don't suggest it, without charity; for the father was himself a local preacher, whom I had known to saddle his horse on Sunday morning and set out determinedly for a long day with his Master, though on the

night before he had been made intoxicated at the village inn by the generosity of deeper character readers than myself. And on such Sabbath journeyings, meeting another of his kind, and inquiring of his friend as to his previous Sunday's entertainment by the folks among whom he sojourned between the services, my farmer landlord always put this question : "*Did ee 'ave a gude spread?*"

A good spread. Ah ! let other things be good, and the Gospel was ; but a *gude spread* was the all-in-all. As it was with granfer, as it was going to be with the broad-sterned housewife, so it came to pass with the son—the spread should be plentiful and frequent till the very end.

The Warnings of Five Meals a Day

These homely details, these terrific facts, rose up before me as moving pictures on a screen. I must go no further on the way that will kill these people one by one—this said I to myself, my mind made up by my extremity. I would part company with them and their fixed habits of engorgement, from which I was certain they could be dissuaded neither by my protestations nor the example of my conversion. Boiled vegetables were refused at dinner ; the why and wherefore was demanded of me—was I sane ? Then the pastries, pies, and custards were refused, until I sat at the table as a solitary specimen of some rare inhuman species. In time my onlookers grew mute at my bewildering behaviour ; and open-mouthed they were until the last, for nothing but the Day of Judgment could have deterred them

from their deadly purpose—and even then they would have slipped eatables into their pockets to sustain them on the journey skywards.

Thus I reduced my dietary section by section, as it were ; I simplified it until I marvelled at myself in that I still was living on so little nourishment. I was like a gardener, *thinning-out*. The number of my meals was lessened, and then their quantities. Two feeds a day I found were ample for the needs of past middle-age. But *meat*—dared I to cast off the sheet-anchor of our British faith ? Why drift to certain shipwreck by an act of downright madness ? This was the warning of my friends. I would pay out the hawser, then, fathom by fathom. *Cutting the painter* meant incurring risks, in seafaring parlance ; perhaps, after all, I should profit by prudence. So, for a while, I revolved round the problem of flesh-food as a vessel swings at a buoy to the turning tides. I introduced fruit and salads to my regimen, whereupon the meat-loving diminished day by day. White bread I had done with, and I cut more sparingly at the wholemeal loaf. Meat and muscatels, juicy fruit, or salad-vegetables, with some nuts and a little starch-food—this was my daily fuel at the last stage but one of my experiments ; and, instead of making lee-way towards the danger which I dreaded, I placed a quickly widening distance between my body and the knife. That was sixteen years ago ; and here I am, by a wondrous mercy, with a body which is still intact.

So, after forty-six years of existence, I had gained a little common sense. I should not have been human if I did not imagine I was already

endowed with a considerable modicum of that fine quality. Indeed, I had fancied until then that I was a rather clever fellow. I had travelled about the world with some success. I had not accumulated wealth, but I had gathered a store of information the value of which was then unrealized. An absorbent observation had filled the warehouse of my mind. A promiscuous collection of articles had been tossed without method upon floor and floor. What I heaped up was a jumble ; I never knew that in the mass were objects of priceless value to my life. It was when I became my own schoolmaster that I discovered these treasures with avid zest. No longer a pupil, I felt the possession of my own proprietorship. My intellect had been trained—self-trained. A sense of discipline had been imparted to my nature, not by others, but by the upwelling of a spirit from my inmost soul. Within me was a power of which I had not dreamed ; the world and my position in it had been transposed.

I had learnt that the regulation of this piece of machinery, known as my body, could be better done by *me* than by many a so-called skilled mechanic. Its feelings and its moods were *mine* ; what I needed for their comprehension were thought, firm courage, and untiring patience. Why had I for all these years given my body into the hands of those who did not understand their own ? Why, ere this, had I not suspected the absurdity of an almost universal custom ? *Why?* Because it *was* the custom—there was no other reason, and no other answer.

I was responsible to myself for the condition of myself—that was clear, as the first principle of

action. I must be the superintendent of my own works, I said ; faults and mishaps could not be rectified by proxy. So I put off my conventional clothes, so to speak ; I donned overalls, and dodged about with oil-cans, waste, and grimy hands. Wheels and pistons whirred and sighed ; I got to know their purpose and adjustment—I became a practical engineer.

I learnt that simplicity is the foundation of all law. The conventional fuelling of the human engine was preposterous, calculated to suppress energy rather than to produce and sustain it. The stomach of man was the only furnace into which such varieties of fuel were pitched, nor was any other furnace so choked with clinkers. This I learnt.

I had watched swans reposing on a lake a mile or two away ; where was the variety of food which provided them with their exquisite shields of plumage, each feather a miracle of ingenuity and beauty ? Have you ever examined a feather attentively ; have you wondered whence its source of nourishment had come, so that it *was* a feather, a tree of fascinating symmetry, with tapering stem and thousands of delicate branches ? Truly, I seldom saw that the birds were feeding at all. Now and then they were tail-uppermost, ranging the bottom of the lake ; or sometimes they appeared to have business among the rushes. But, as I passed, the imposing creatures were never gorging, nor did they show by any signs their discontent with what the mud and weeds supplied, not now and then, but every day. The swans were teaching me a lesson, too.

Biliousness, my life-long gaoler, retreated step by step as I declined the customary fare. I had been taking prison diet, sumptuous and bountiful as it was. In frequency it was wrong, in quantity it was wrong, in variety it was wrong. The unnecessary foods should be deleted ; my servitor could come more seldom in his visits, and he need bring fewer dishes at each call. I discovered that what I had taken to be freedom was really slavery, that I was a menial while I was at liberty to satisfy my wants. Wants, forsooth ! My chiefest want had been self-knowledge. Now were the shackles off my limbs—but it was I who had had to file them through. I was happy, too—who is not happy at the end of penal servitude ?

The Deductions of Experiment

What was superfluous in my dietary ? How was it that from *minus* I recovered *plus* ? What were the main obsessions in the feeding customs of the race ? I answered these three questions by experiment.

I learnt that starch-food is the greatest hindrance to digestion. We talk of bread as the staff of life while we pilfer its material elements. We bake white flour while we might as well put plaster of Paris in the oven. Cakes, puddings, and pastries might be made of clay, and we add fat to a compound which is already a load upon digestion. By it we delay the assimilation of other food, and wonder why chaos reigns in our individual bowels. Bowels of *compassion* have we none ; would that we showed that virtue to our frequent source of pain ! Bread from the whole grain we despise, or

nibble at it as a tit-bit. We raise an obstacle to health in our consumption of a wrongly-treated food ; we regard as indispensable the very element of which we take too much. Moreover, starch-food—as in bread—should be taken as the last part of a meal, whereas we eat it through the whole long programme. If we were not odd, it would seem that the world could not go round. Swift had good cause to write his *Sermon on a Broomstick* ; read it, and you will understand its parable.

I learnt that fat is as wrongfully consumed as starch. Fat does not make fat, nor is there any need for the body to be fat at all. Besides, how often we talk of a fat body when really it is dropsical, a saturation of poisonous fluid. The lean frame is the true ideal. The muscular body is alert, and with it usually goes an active mind. No species of animals is fat. The pig in a state of nature is thin, its hide hangs in folds about its body. Try to catch a pig that is fed in the open fields—you will tire the sooner. But we put it in a sty, we give it an abominable environment, we cram it until it can scarcely see. People pay money to admire and judge and prod a monstrosity ; we proclaim its merits and our wisdom at Fat Stock Shows ; we buy and sell it, and when we have done all that we know to make it a parody of creation, we kill the tortured victim of our ignorance, and feast upon *disease*. We gorge our cattle, and sterilize them by the process ; for we are becoming aware that overfed animals cannot breed. We hang their fatted carcases at Christmas time—the time of peace and goodwill and atrocious cruelty. We parade the shops, seeking the most

bilious diet we can find ; and if we see a rosette or the ticket of a prize for the feeder of the obesest beast in the display, we bear off a portion of the congested flesh with pride, to brag of our contaminating purchase as we dine. Even the prodigal's father was conventional—he killed a fatted calf for the rake's reception. Meat-fat is a delusion, as nourishment ; the body absorbs what fat it needs from the grape-sugar constituents of our food, as in grapes, muscatels or raisins, and oranges, or in nuts and olives. We overcharge digestion by our lust for fat ; how the quack-medicine vendor smiles when he thinks of the fools he deals with !

I had learnt to conquer the tyrant that had dogged my footsteps from infancy—a tyrant from which I had sometimes thought of escape at the desperate price of suicide. Liver-trouble, as it is lightly termed, is often the source of self-destruction, though the verdict calls it something else. A man's digestion is disorganized ; can it then be said of him that he is normal ? Are the capacities of an engine normal when its parts are clogged with carbonized fumes and congealed oil, when its tubes are encrusted with long-accumulated lime, or when layer upon layer of ashes choke the draught ? The spirit becomes desperate when the body eats, and eats in vain ; and it needs but a little more to prompt the hand to clutch a knife or a poison-phial, or to plunge to the refuge of a stream. Pity, infinite pity, should be extended to him who has *a liver.*

A Book Romance

It was sixteen years ago when such awful promptings to deliverance whispered in my ear ;

I can view my worldly trials with calmness now. And having learnt to understand myself, I resolved to impart that understanding to my fellow creatures ; for, as I found, they sadly needed it.

I launched a little book called *Nature's Way*—to be exact, a pamphlet of but sixteen pages, its price a penny. Twenty thousand were snatched from the station bookstalls in a trice. Clearly I had begun a mission for which the community had longed. My pen had expressed the convictions of my heart ; I had become a companion of the crowd—they had my sympathy, and I their confidence. Avoiding technicalities, avoiding too much detail, I went straight to the heart and reason of those to whom I would appeal, and twenty thousand messengers spread hope about the world. How could more copies be obtained ? It was the cry that came to me from every quarter of the globe. Particulars were added to particulars, week by week, by those who had found deliverance as I had found it. Then, assured of my position in the cause on which I had embarked, I sent my message out again in a more conclusive form, yet without the necessity of making any marked modifications in its original system of ideas. Such is the romance of *Nature's Way*—for it is a romance of publishing—and its welcome is the proof of its sure foundation. *The suffering can trust simplicity.*

Surely it is not immodest of me to state the fact that I have released poor pleading souls from bondage ? I make no claim to exceptional powers within myself. I am but a courier going here and there with joyful news, an instrument sent forth by Nature. When a besieged town is relieved, we

hear of it ; the event is an occasion of rejoicing, and those who were beleagured tell the bright story of their rescue. Let them come forward, then, who pined in the dungeons of their own dark minds, knowing no method of escape, hoping or despairing that they would ever again be free ; let them, in their own words, say how a hand broke down their prison doors and led them through dank passages to the bursting sunlight.

Beginning to Live

Listen to this, from a woman who found her help in Nature. Will you regard her as bereft of sense because she describes her rescue with such fervour ? Who would not be overcome by a like deliverance ?

" I wish to express my grateful thanks for your *Nature's Way*. I have suffered from constipation for eleven years, never having a natural motion, and yet in two days I was cured. I can hardly believe it, especially as the doctors told me they could do nothing for it.

" I feel as if I have only just begun to *live*. Life seems full of interest, and to-day while walking on the downs here I felt I must just run and shout with the very joy of being alive. My little girl is also ever so much better, and that naturally makes me more optimistic. She has no disease at all, the doctor told me. I find dry-feeding has brightened her wonderfully."

Hers was the prevailing trouble, you will notice ; a trouble which is universal among the civilized ! What a mockery it makes of our pretended wisdom, that it should be so. Yet the horrors of eleven

long years are wiped out in a couple of days. Does not such salvation *demand* a shout of thankfulness? "I was dead and am alive again; I was lost and am found"—how truly it applies to the reason for this woman's joy.

Years ago, while tramping through a moorland hamlet, I passed a little out-house tucked in the corner of a garden plot which abutted on the road. As I went by I heard low groaning, as from the agony of some great effort, and then the muttered words, evidently from an old man's lips, "Thank God! Thank God!" A tragedy was told in that small out-building; a tragedy told, not by him alone, but by millions, even while he groaned. You could hardly put your finger on any part of a map of the world but that I could produce a letter which had come from it—either a letter with tidings of the consequences of this curse, or one with the news of a merciful escape. What should be a perfectly easy function as an act of Nature is, with the peoples who are civilized, a source of protracted torment, so that, like the tenant of that out-house, they exclaim, "Thank God!" if only for a temporary relief. It is amazing, it is heart-rending, that in this twentieth century the ignorance concerning the foundation of all physiological law should be colossal.

Or here is a case of prisoners who had been set free after long captivity in durance *vile*; for what can be viler in this life than the burden of a bilious body? Is it surprising that in the glory of the sun they should rejoice, and yet rejoice again? Would not *you*, at a like release?

"I bought three copies of each of your books—

two I sent to my mother in India, two I have in the house, and two my husband took back with him to India. My mother's letter, or rather the extracts from it, speak for themselves. More I cannot say. I cannot recall a time when she was not ailing, and all through her liver. Owing to my having read your books, I have remodelled the diet of myself and my two children, as I have suffered intensely from depression owing to my liver also not functioning properly. Still, I am better, and the children are better in every way. My husband has a firm faith in your books. Thank you, and thank you again. I am more grateful than I can say for the benefit my mother has derived ; she is dearer to me than all the world. I find it difficult to express all I feel."

Dearer than all the world : such is the daughter's love for her mother, and for one who was never remembered except as a sufferer. I say that the matter of health or sickness is indeed a serious social thing. As it transpired, it was the parent who had advised her offspring to avert the evils which she herself had so long endured, for this is the extract from her letter :—

" From personal experience I consider the sooner you begin the lemon and orange regime the better for your liver. My liver troubles *all* vanished in a month. I took the morning lemon juice for three months without a break, and vanquished a liver that has caused me untold anguish for years."

Yet, although equipoise is to be attained so easily, so that prisoners released from misery can scarce find words to express their joy, statistics tell

us that there is scarcely a single healthy person in the world! Figures published by the New York Life Extension Institute show that out of three hundred and fifty thousand examinations made for insurance purposes, in the course of two years, not one truly healthy body was discovered. A sad reflection upon our intelligence, a humiliation for the claims of doctoring! Had those three hundred and fifty thousand bodies been guided by the laws of Nature, and, as a consequence, were they all unhealthy? Where lies the secret of their disease, unless in the violation of her laws? Am I not excused for stressing the point that we know not how to feed ourselves? Should we find, of a herd of bison, rounded up on an American plain, that every one was lacking health? We are satisfied that an examination would be to the contrary; we should not trouble to doubt the beasts.

Or here is the picture of a civilized man scarcely able to stand in spite of all that an age of enlightenment could offer him:—

“ May I begin by thanking you for the good we have received through reading your precious books? *Nature's Way* has been to us, as a family, a friend in need and a friend in time. I myself, feeling worn and down-hearted, stood at a bookstall, my legs almost too weak to hold me. Having suffered a lot with my stomach, and having spent a lot of money out of my small earnings, I failed to get better at the hands of doctors and chemists. I bless the day my eyes rested on *Nature's Way*. I have read it over and over again, also the *Rebuilding Power of Nature* and *The Gospel of Feeding*; so please accept our grateful thanks.”

This was a prisoner in England, not a captive of some benighted part where health was made impossible. With hospitals, brass-plates, and chemists' signs, with cargoes that bring nourishment from every port in the world, with libraries and every source of knowledge free to him, with societies which export their efforts to arouse the distant heathen—with such immeasurable advantages, this health-heathen of our own country should have never been *able* to become disabled ; it is a mockery that he was ignorant of what the heathen had already learnt. *His trouble lay on his plate at every meal ; his choice was wrong, thus was his blood wrong also.* Now he stands free, in a burst of sunlight, his freedom won by a little faith.

You would think a tradesman knew something more of his trade than the mere handing of his goods to customers, or the bare exchange of wares for money. You would expect him to have at least an inkling of their purpose and respective properties. Yet a fruit grower wrote to me from the Cape that, although he had marketed his precious means of health season after season, he was totally oblivious of their virtues until enlightenment had been brought to him in the pages of my little books. His sufferings from indigestion were intolerable ; he had often thrown himself upon the floor, writhing and stifling for the *pain of feeding*. A function of which the healthy body is unconscious had become to him an instrument of agony. A martyr, like a host of others ; and he was unaware that stomach peace was spread around him, within his reach ! His wife, too, had been sick for years ; now, after a month, they knew the

comfort of *right* feeding—they understood the blessedness concealed in what their joint labours reared. To show his gratitude he despatched a case of noble oranges, and while I peeled the tokens of his thanks I pictured the couple on their upland farm, as they used to be, in a perfect climate, inhaling the rare air of four thousand feet above the sea, yet with an adverse power wearing them, day by day, to a state of abject wretchedness. As I myself had proved during my search for health on Dartmoor, climate cannot give it unassisted ; the source of health is in the fuelling.

A retired ship's-master has told me that of all the companions of his voyages not one is now alive, save for a couple who are doomed to die as hopeless cripples. Captains and officers—men who stood under the open sky, who breathed the pure breezes of the ocean, who had opportunities of health such as you and I might pledge our all to obtain—they were dead, save two, killed by the treatment of their stomachs. Feeding, feeding, feeding, it is feeding all the time at sea—I am speaking of those in command of liners, and of passengers who are recommended to the ships for their cuisine as advertised. I am not alluding to the old-time windjammers, for there the food was both wrong and scant. I refer to the fine vessels whose towering sides we scan with wonder, little thinking that in their stores the elements of disease are positively packed. I have made voyages in such ; I know that meal follows meal with almost the velocity of the propeller. With but a few exceptions, the friends of this ship's-master had been killed by cancer !

Considering Cancer

Cancer—we are always being promised victory over this dread enemy ; a victory that will never come while food and drink are mixed as if in madness. We sow the seeds of cancer when begetting children ; the roots are implanted in us when we are born. It is not that medical research fights cancer, as we are told it does, in experiments on mice and the preparation of serums ; Nature does the fighting in protecting us against ourselves. But for the inherent power that strives for our existence we should become extinct within a century. We feed for cancer, and were it not for Nature's long endurance few of us would survive a period of thirty years.

The cure of cancer is cleansed blood, and I can name the purifying elements as those contained in unspoilt fruit and vegetables. Too simple to be believed—yes, I know it—but there are at this moment captives who have come from darkness into light, and whose ransom was the heaven-sent grape. Victims who were pronounced to be beyond repair, victims who were left to die in their agonizing chains, they are restored to the world once more, and can look to the sky with praises on their lips. Medical research may leave its microbes, and its mice, and stuffs to prick beneath the skin ; laboratories may close their doors—the cure of cancer is by the way we live.

“Some time ago,” writes a Hampshire man, “I had an occasion to visit my daughter, who had recently been under an operation, and for the time being it was apparently successful, but unfortunately

the cancer grew again, and she was ordered to undergo a like operation. This she declined, and the doctor suggested she should take time and see how she proceeded. I left her very bad, and had to leave her for about two weeks, but promised to visit her again. Expecting on my return to meet her for the last time, she was so bad, I was surprised to find her out walking ; I asked her how was this ? She replied : ‘ In the interval of not going to see the doctor I read a book called *Nature’s Way*, and, following its advice, in a week I was so much better I shall not want to see him again.’ Her husband said it was marvellous, a wonderment to all concerned.”

A man of Kent has the same tale to tell of his wife ; so has a Cornish woman of her husband. I have implored surgeons, physicians, professed philanthropists, and editors to make investigation of such cases, but without response. My appeals are unacknowledged, my letters are absent from the columns of journals which publish particulars by the foot concerning the victory that is yet to come from the sufferings of mice, or the identification of microbes, or the point of the inoculating needle. Those who assert their sympathy with suffering, those who directly live by their attentions to disease—why are they dumb, why are they motionless, when I cry to them again and again to speak one word or move a limb ? Can I do more—but should not they ?

We read of the toll or this fell malady, of the sacrifice of fifty thousand victims in a year in our own country, or of seventy thousand in Australia in seventeen years. We learn that the scourge

is on the increase ; our hopes are raised with the news that a *new* new cure has been conceived, and they are dashed next day by the tidings that no more is known of the mystery than was gathered forty years ago. The subject is held before our notice all the time, as if to terrorize us—is it because *a layman* speaks that authority makes no sign of simple humanitarianism ? Were he the possessor of degrees, could he but add a string of capitals as an appendix to his name, do you believe news-hungry journalists would still refuse him audience? I don't ; and there is reason for my doubt, I grieve to say.

Our Table Tyranny

We are made or unmade at the table—I never wrote a truer line. Our table-tyranny is appalling. Go where he will, in how many places can one enjoy the sunlight openly? He is compelled to steal it furtively, to go for it out of doors, or sit in a broken beam of it in some cramped corner—the windows of our houses are shuttered against its noonday radiance. In how many homes is the tyranny relaxed ; where are the hotels and restaurants which take the traveller on his own conditions? No ; if we desire purity the place is not for us. Crank is the name by which we are known, and we had better not sit down—we are unwelcome because we happen to be wise.

From Suffolk comes a young man's plea, in this land of progress and this age of grace :—

“ For some months now I have followed your advice, and have benefited remarkably. I am twenty-two years old, and for years suffered with

indigestion. In my early youth I remember rising morning after morning heavy and sick. Your diet has improved my health more than I could ever have believed.

"Unfortunately, however, I have been obliged to leave the house in Southport, where I was able to eat what I wished, and here I find the diet quite wrong for me. There is much blancmange, stewed fruit, mutton and beef stews, and no fresh fruit at all. Could you tell me of a home where I could have the diet, and where the folks live healthily?"

Why should this young fellow want a change, why does he say his food is wrong, how does he *know* it to be wrong? The people in the house declare it *right*; they have lived upon such dietary all their lives, and if the local doctors were consulted would one among the body disapprove of what hospitals and nursing-homes provide as a matter of course?

He has proved it to be unsuitable food—it does not agree with him. In other words, his digestion rebels against it, its machinery being unadapted to convert such fare into healthy blood. "There is much blancmange," he wails, "stewed fruit, mutton and beef stews, and no fresh fruit at all." Blancmange—a mess of starch; stewed fruit—an acid mess; mutton and beef stews—meat messes; therefore his stomach, unable to cope with mess, becomes a depository of fermentation and a laboratory in which disease is cultivated. Those who conduct post-mortems could tell us of the horrors of their work; how the intestines of civilized people—some of them genteel, God-fearing folk—are cisterns of seething putridity, reservoirs of rotten-

ness. This is what surgeons see when they cut us up, as the result of our *good, wholesome, and substantial meals!*

The State of Millions

And this is the state of millions, whether they be cut up or not. They carry it about for the greater part of their lifetime, and they are sinks of impurity even as they sit and talk together. Our "at homes," our social gatherings, are assemblies of decaying bodies. Not a pleasant thought when we chat and gossip and look upon faces which attempt to smile; but it is true—most of them stink in their chairs, or our own. The lavatory betrays the fact. Let the most garishly attired, let beauty and intellect, let all that we understand as the best society repair to that particular place, and it becomes unmentionable; whereas, did people live by purity, little or no offensiveness would be noticeable. It might be said with perfect truth, as we mix with any concourse—as at a Handel Festival, or in a crowd assembled to hear Lloyd George, or among our aristocracy at Ascot—"Their exhaust is wrong; they are unwholesome!" Nature is made a scavenger on our behalf. Instead of glorifying her we degrade her to the depth of clearing out civilized cess-pits; and when we invite our friends to feed we do not ask them to belch, as the rude Tartar does—we *make* them do so.

The youth of whom I have just spoken is living in a boarding-house, I'll warrant, and at the age of twenty-two he has already experienced the pangs of indigestion. What an entry into man-

hood, to be debilitated by dyspepsia ; and, so far, he has found but *one* roof under which he could derive comfort for his troubled stomach ! England need boast of its idol *Beef* when it is served in windy stews and hashes, with the accompaniment of starch-mess and acidulated fruit. *Stews*, indeed, that is why our intestines are converted into stews. He will seek a refined home, I fear, for a long while yet to come ; for where is the family of refinement who do not pride themselves on messes as a high-mark of their social status ? Unless some blessed accident should lead his steps aright, as I was led, this wanderer will drift into the condition of myself, who was plucked from the burning—yes, *an internal burning*, literally—in the very nick of time.

Listen to this letter—follow every word of it—for in a couple of sentences it tells the fate of thousands who are not yet free from the foul burdens which will bear them to the ground—and under it :—

“ After you wrote to me advising what to do I had a most wretched feeling over the whole of the stomach and bowels, and one day in particular I felt, oh ! so sick ; then I passed a motion just like thick black bran, and the hardest black lumps with it. The intestines must have been very filthy. Now there is no pain or uneasy feeling whatever.”

Very filthy! We know it when we go to a place from which we are driven forth, nauseated by our own effusions, or the effluvium from others. This is strong language, I confess ; but it is not so strong as what our bodies generate.

Some of us, holding lofty views, deeming ourselves respectable, or conspicuous among our kind, clothing ourselves with fantastic ingenuity, preaching, it may be, or concealing a monopoly of faith, while the temples in which a holy spirit is supposed to dwell are unholy altars to the worship of the knife and fork—*how many of us*, I should rather ask, are a wilful insult to the idea of a divine image?

CHAPTER VI

Is it Worth While?

A GOOD EXCHANGE—IN FLIGHT FOR EVIDENCE—WORLD-WIDE GRATITUDE—THE MARVEL OF THE CONVERT—
MY OWN CASE LASTLY

A Good Exchange

IS it worth while : to exchange a bad state for a good one? *Is it possible to do so?* you may ask, in answer.

Friend, if you were dissatisfied with a certain class of goods, and your tradesman said, "I have a better brand ; return the other, which is *dearer*, by the way, and I will allow you the difference"—would you refuse his offer? Would you hesitate to test the recommended article, despite your disapproval of the thing you had proved to be inferior or worthless? Would you prefer to pay more for a lack of quality and persist in the risk of being harmed by it? Nay, would your obstinacy go to the length of looking unmoved upon a neighbour's funeral although you knew that his death had come about by the use of what you still consumed?

I give you credit for better sense, both in regard to your own protection and your appreciation of fair value. Nor would you be deaf to the testimony of others concerning the merits of the exchange. Not only your ears, but your eyes, would be influenced by the evidence of truth.

Some sacrifice would be expected of you in going from darkness into light ; but not the punishment that the old way entailed—not a life-long purgatory, as the past had been. There would of necessity be the effort required to break the shackles that had bound you ; but would you forego the recompence that comes from courage ?

Is it worth while ? The question is for *you* to weigh. There can be no compulsion on your judgment ; the decision must be yours entirely. Let me say this : don't make the venture if you have a doubt. Faint hearts have never yet fought through a crisis. The noblest causes have been disgraced not so much by treachery as by the cowardice of those who took their first blow as a death wound.

In Flight for Evidence

Let us get far away ; let us cross the world and hear in the Antipodes whether a new life has been worth while. Done ! We have arrived at Auckland, New Zealand—the coast of which I last sighted forty-six years ago—and in a cottage close to the sounding sea we will make the acquaintance of a woman who has just returned from a wedding party, one of the liveliest among a hundred and twenty guests. She has walked six miles through a southerly storm. To see her freshness and her smiles can you believe that she could scarcely walk at all a few months since ? Speak to her ; let her tell you her own story ; let her husband and two sons confirm the tale. Fifty-three years of age, forty-five of those years being spent in constipated misery ; the chance discovery of a little book and its guidance to the path of freedom. In three

short weeks corruption was displaced by purity, and she who had been a burden to her family is now an active member of it. This is her testimony ; is it worth recording ? Did she pay for her ransom ? Yes ; in blisters, swollen flesh, and pains that moved about her body. And the reward wholesomeness and her inclusion in the wedding feast. Nor does this glad woman keep the tidings to herself ; she cables to friends in Sydney, she makes the message known in the two islands of New Zealand, and even posts it to this country ! To her it is decidedly worth while.

Is there sickness in the Colonies, where the climate is delightful and the fruits of the soil spring up in wild profusion ? New Zealand has its medical army, its hospitals and nursing homes, its health appliances and nostrums. Catarrh is a scourge in Auckland, though the Pacific breezes sweep the spot. Where the feeding is wrong there will always be a provocation to disease.

Now let us seek the Mother Continent, illimitable Australia. We are in Sydney harbour ; see how lustily the donkey-man is working aboard that tramp moored to the quay. Nearly sixty years of age, his energy surprises the youngest in the crew ; yet not so long before he was a victim of diabetes, passing from hospital to hospital, starved and dosed, and fearing life was at an end. Is it *hot* beneath this southern sun ; is it a test for a man who had lain helpless as a log in ward and ward ? Is it worth while that he should sweat, with the thrill of deliverance in his veins, and to have exchanged debility for muscle ? Is it nothing to him that he should be gathering the fruits of

labour, supporting his wife by his wages and his companionship, instead of lying lonely with his pain, an indigent invalid? Is it worth while?

On, now, to Melbourne; ask that woman of eighty-two—who was formerly bed-ridden—whether it is worth while that she should be bustling about with the zest of one twenty years her junior. What does she say? “I attribute my recovery to rational feeding ; the barbaric system of eating devitalized foods had crippled me.” I like the word *barbaric*, though she might apologise to barbarians, who, in some of their habits, set the civilized an example which they would be wise to follow.

World-Wide Gratitude

Or stop this man : his steps and heart and brain were heavy—why does he now walk with the spring of a person half his age? Hear him : “I am over sixty, and until last year I had not learnt how to live. Time seems to be going back with me ; my feelings of joy belong to youth. I take part in sports, and, best of all, I sing with the vigour of thirty years ago—there is not a trace of quavering in my voice. How proud I am when my old friends say that I give them the pleasure of former days !” Is it worth while?

Away ; let us cross the seas—here we are at the Cape, in a little town named after an English university. Those two old ladies whom you watch are missionaries on behalf of health. They have quitted the morbid aspects of disease ; they preach an opposite gospel, and are spreading good tidings in the colony. I have met them ; they sojourned here in Devonshire, and two brighter souls you

would never see. On the voyage back they acted as nurses to the passengers, and also helped to train a young mother in the care of her two children. Poor little wife ; she had given birth to possible vast potentialities, and had to be taught how to choose her offsprings' food ! Men would be more sensible, when courting, if they asked their sweethearts whether they knew what babies *were*. I have seen mothers handling new arrivals as though they hardly knew heels from heads, while boasting of their *domesticity*.

But there is hope ; the benighted African is not only him or her whose skin is black. There are many who are white externally, but whose minds are ebon in their ignorance. New Zealand, Australia, Cape Colony ; convention governs in our most distant outposts, even as it rules in the Motherland. Sickness is rampant there, even as it is with us. Appeals for guidance come from the remotest quarters, like birds of passage flying exhausted towards a friendly beam ; and messages go out again to strengthen hearts that have been perishing in a desert of false ideas. Is it worth while?

Our journeying is not yet done ; the States, Vancouver, Nova Scotia, Canada, and the Argentine—we can visit them in turn and see how wretchedness has been removed by common sense. Aye, even on the Chilian mountains there is joy in a mining settlement where, for the lack of a little knowledge, disease had threatened to make a permanent abode. From India, China, Persia, the West Indies, civilians and officials, representing the power and enlightenment of the British Empire, confess that they knew not how to feed themselves,

and that a wandering book had brought them light. It is a world cry, this call for help, and the answer comes, when the response has reached each anxious goal, "It is well worth while!"

The Marvel of the Convert

The marvel of the convert is that he should have thought his dogma was the *true* one. Can we imagine a sinner believing he had *need* to sin? Delusion lives and grows by the impress of its necessity upon unthinking minds. This force is subtly understood by the high priests of every superstition. Fill it with fear that lest it does a thing it will be damned, and the race falls on its knees, submitting to a hollow threat! "When I look on my stock of *empty* medicine bottles," writes a full-grown man, "I could thrash myself for ever having bought them *full*!" "For forty-three years," says another, "I had taken an ounce of Epsom salts at a dose, regularly; I believed that I *had* to take it for my health. I have been filled with carbuncles from my youth; now, by practising dry-feeding and by the use of fruit and fresh greenstuff, the inflammation is subsiding, wherever it prevailed, from the tips of the toes to the crown of the head." "I am a young man of twenty-four, a student," says a third, "and I have just emerged from a trouble which I thought was to haunt me all my life. It was my habit to take health-salts, and from that to bismuth, and then to every other thing which I believed would make me well. I broke out into a horrible disease on my arms and legs. I tried various changes of occupation, but my trouble could not be shaken

off. One afternoon, while taking a walk alone and suffering from the worst attack of hemorrhoids I had ever experienced, I came to a bookstall, and was led to your book, which I purchased, just to see what you had to say. *The idea of living without medicine seemed so absurd to me.* When I began to read it I realized myself a dying lad, and had as much fright as I had at my conversion. But with it came salvation." A boy of twenty-four, thinking himself a dying lad—and this as a product of civilization! He had the fear that *without* medicine he would die, though its use had brought him to that fear. Is it worth while that he sees the delusion of his former faith?

"I have been in practice for nearly fifty years," writes a physician of wide reputation, "and have only lately taken up the views which you state so clearly." Why should this apostate make acknowledgment of his secession from beliefs which had held him in subservience for half a century? Breaking through fear, he has gained freedom in a burst of sunshine. Reputation, and all that had been gathered in the pale of error—what were they to the possession of a truth? Is it worth while that this man, in his last years, should cry, "You that are sick may come to me; I will heal you at the fount of purity"?

"Three months ago," says another convert, "I was a miserable wreck, with indigestion, piles, and a prolapsed bowel, and was waiting by doctor's orders until I was a bit stronger for an operation. How I was going to get stronger I do not know, as I could not eat or drink hardly anything. Now I take no medicine, I am fine; I live just as

direct." "After being steeped in the thought of the operating-table as the only cure for piles," writes a woman, "the mind cannot react so quickly to new ideas. Imagine my amazement, therefore, when I realized at the end of a month that the hemorrhoids were contracting. In a week after following your advice my bowels acted regularly, with no other assistance, and the bleeding, which occurred fairly often before, had stopped completely." How *fearfully* she approached her cure; she had been subjugated by the threats of superstition. On the old altar was the operating-knife; there must be *blood* in the medical creed, just as it is incorporated in religious dogmas. Is it worth while that she has left the temple of human sacrifice to find freedom for soul and body in the groves of truth? In five days another one is free; but fear had held her tender life in slavery for thirty years. Tyranny too often gets a blessing from the weak, who mistake oppression for solicitude. She had been taught that bottles, tablets, lances, swabs, and all the paraphernalia of medical ritual were *necessary* to her body's welfare, and until the moment of her conversion she had kissed the hands that stretched her on the rack.

"For thirty-eight years," says another soul released, "I was a martyr to rheumatism and malarial fever, and, of course, constipation. Your book was put into my hand three months ago. I took the juice of two lemons daily, with apples, grapes, and the fruit liquor. In three days I had not a pain in my body, my organs worked naturally, I ceased to cough, and when I awoke after a sound sleep my throat was clear. But I came out in

huge spots, almost like liver ; after a fortnight they departed, leaving me well and able to walk. What a joy it is to feel *clean*, inside and out." The price of freedom was a spotty fortnight—is it worth while to have paid so little for the change that followed ?

My Own Case Lastly

Consider, now, my own case, lastly. Is it worth while that I should have discovered the fallacy of physic as a means of health and the futility of the knife as a cure for hemorrhoids—for that was my trouble—sixteen years ago ? Is there no significance in the fact that a useless life has been made serviceable to the needs of others ? My position towards myself, my family circle, the community, and the State—were none of these factors involved in the condition of my health ? What advantage has come to me and the world since I gazed from that farmhouse window, so long ago, a weary and almost worthless being ?

Hundreds of thousands of souls have been directed towards the light which I then saw as a feeble gleam—is it worth while that I can say so much ? Husbands have been restored to wives ; children have been given back to the arms of once despairing mothers. Those who were entering upon life's most serious business, matrimony, have been shown a straight path to the future ; an influence has deserved its welcome in homes where confusion and distress were formerly the masters. Existence has been made a pilgrimage of joy, instead of a dismal lingering—is it worth while to have transformed night to day at the magic of a bright idea ?

And this wide illumination has been spread by a process of *subtraction*—that is the strangest part of it. Bewilderment has been subtracted from intelligence, fear has been cast out as a sediment of the mind, and light has been allowed to shine in reason. It were as if the alchemy of chemistry had been applied to the soul's awakening. Mystery has been replaced by openness, and eyes restored to sight have seen the beauty of a gospel devoid of ritual, servitude, and cant.

The faith that I embraced has not been free from fearful trial. Ten years ago, when volunteering in the war, I was stricken with malarial influenza of the most virulent type. I was attending to others who were sick until a temperature of a hundred and three degrees prostrated me. At nearly a hundred and six degrees I all but lost my reason ; I lay on the very edge of my open grave. For days and nights the fever held me there, while death made desolation all around me. Big, burly men—sailors and soldiers, compared with whom in weight and strength I took a very humble place when well—they died as in a massacre. But this lean body still endured—*without food* it endured. When I was given nourishment at the end of some ten days, the fever being fought by leaving all to Nature, I only sipped the juice of fruit, and by its virtues I was enabled, inch by inch, to draw from the horrors of my situation.

During my convalescence, as they had done during the period of my prostration, the doctors saw a miracle performed without the aid of medicine, and they admitted the marvel of what they saw. They averred that death must have surely snatched

me if the usual methods of treatment had been adopted in my case. Milk would have been prescribed ; I should have been bound, and purging would have weakened me beyond recovery. Contrary to the common fate of those at such a pass, I had the natural functions of my organs secured against inertia, even though I scarcely moved a limb. The treatment of constipation was a problem that never arose ; I was in the hands of Nature, the wise nurse to whose gentleness so few submit. If ever simplicity in feeding withstood a test it was then, when the faintest spark of life was flickering in me. I staggered through the Valley of the Shadow, verily, and I have gained sufficient energy, while proving facts, to labour with the endurance of forty years ago.

Now I am well through my sixty-ninth year, and I seek no prospect of retirement. Old age in idleness would prove a miserable punishment. Each day shall find its task, until the Shadow beckons that the term of mortal toil is at an end. Is it worth while that I should have laboured in a field from which others shall produce blest harvests when he who did the sowing is no more ?

A Systematic Dietary

SIMPLE, reliable, and ample for the maintenance of health and the treatment of disease—this, as the result of twenty years of study and experiment, I offer with confidence to the consideration of the well and ailing, in its entirety, or with such modifications as are hereafter detailed to meet particular cases (refer to Forms of Treatment, p. 177).

Before or on Rising

A teaspoonful or two of Fruit-Syrup, plain, or with half a teacupful of cold or warm water. If diluted, this may be prepared overnight, and be kept, covered, by the bedside.

Or take the liquor from half a teacupful of raisins or sultanas, soaked overnight in half a teacupful of cold water. The Fruit-Syrup is recommended, however, for its concentration and convenience, and is indispensable for travelling.

About a quarter of an hour after : A cup of freshly made China tea, with a third part of Matté Real, if desired. Mix a caddyful for use.

To persevere in this before-breakfast rule will ensure the regulation of the functions. The bowel-action of children should be strictly attended to, and the Fruit-Syrup, or raisin or sultana liquor, should be given in doses according to age and judgment. Tea, unless very weak, and of the best quality, should be withheld from children of tender years.

Breakfast

(a) A teaspoonful or two of Fruit-Syrup, plain, or with two or four tablespoonfuls of cold or warm water; or taken plain with a choice of juicy fruit, such as oranges, grapes, pears, apples (if scraped), grape-fruit, bananas (if quite ripe), pineapple, or tomatoes. Or with ripe, raw fruits in season, such as strawberries, cherries, greengages, etc. Or with a seasonal salad.

(For purposes of convenience or economy the Fruit-Syrup, plain or diluted, will, in double doses, take the place of juicy fruit or salad, the syrup being fully as valuable in nourishing and purifying properties.)

(b) A slice or two of Bermaline Bread, toasted, or at least a day stale, with butter, and a teaspoonful or two of Fruit-Sweet, or honey, or marmalade, or a few nuts; or two or three Nature's Way Biscuits, with Fruit-Sweet.

Various dry wheat preparations, such as Post Toasties, Force, or Shredded Wheat, can be alternated, with Fruit-Sweet, honey, marmalade, or nuts.

Or a complete and nourishing breakfast may be made as follows: Break three or four Nature's Way Biscuits in a dish, and add a portion of Fruit-Sweet; pour on water, just off the boil, to make a stiff paste, and when cooled to blood-heat add a teaspoonful or two of Fruit-Syrup, and stir. This conveniently prepared dish may indeed be taken for any one or more meals in the day, and is especially useful for those who are pressed for time, and for delicate children, and sufferers from gastric troubles. Just as the Fruit-Syrup is the unchanged essence of juicy fruit, so is the Fruit-Sweet a combination of dried fruit and ground nuts, free from skins, pith, seeds, etc.

Between Breakfast and Lunch

A teaspoonful or two of Fruit-Syrup, with a tea-cupful of cold or warm water, adding, if desired, the

juice of a half or whole lemon. A few drops of essence of ginger may be added.

Or a cup of tea may be preferred ; or some juicy fruit.

Luneh

(a) A teaspoonful or two of plain or diluted Fruit-Syrup ; or taken plain with juicy fruit, or a salad.

(b) Optionally : A poached or lightly-boiled egg ; or a meat or sardine sandwich.

(c) Bermaline Bread, or Nature's Way Biscuits, with Fruit-Sweet, honey, or marmalade, or a few nuts. The bread, or the biscuits, may be conveniently sandwiched with Fruit-Sweet.

For an excellent office-lunch : China tea, or juicy fruit, followed by Bermaline Bread and butter, or Nature's Way Biscuits, with Fruit-Sweet, honey, marmalade, or nuts.

Tea

Freshly made China tea, advisably without food, or, at the most, with muscatels or raisins.

Evening Meal

(a) A teaspoonful or two of Fruit-Syrup, plain or diluted ; or taken plain with juicy fruit, or a salad.

(b) A portion of beef, mutton, or poultry, without sauces ; or Cottage Pie ; or steamed or baked fish, or sardines ; or, if not taken at lunch, a poached or lightly boiled egg.

(c) Bermaline Bread, or Nature's Way Biscuits, with Fruit-Sweet, honey, marmalade, or nuts.

Before Retiring

The juice of a half or whole lemon, with a teaspoonful or two of Fruit-Syrup, adding cold or warm water (and essence of ginger, if desired) to make a tumblerful ; to be sipped slowly.

Matté Real is the South American Tea, famous for its sustaining properties, and as an antidote to rheumatic disorders. It is supplied by Wilcocks & Wilcocks, Ltd., 24 Alphington Street, Exeter, and C. A. Watts & Co., Ltd., 5 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4, at 3s. and 5s. 6d., post paid. The same firms supply Foo Chong China Tea, blended for use with Matté Real, at 4s. a pound, post paid. Superfine Olive Oil is supplied, post paid, at 5s. a bottle (reputed quart) by J. Monk-Jones, The Pharmacy, Teignmouth, Devon.

NOTES

A complete and easily-prepared meal may be made as follows : Cut meat, poultry, or fish into small pieces, together with selected vegetables ; steam the whole in a basin or double saucepan, or gently simmer. When cooked, strain the liquor, which should be taken as first course, a squeeze of lemon juice improving the flavour. To the remainder, as second course, add a teaspoonful or two of Fruit-Syrup ; and the meal may be finished with a slice of Bermaline Bread, or one or two Nature's Way Biscuits, with Fruit-Sweet, honey, or marmalade.

Cottage Pie should be made of fresh meat, or fish, passed through a mincer, or beaten to a paste, with potatoes, onions, and parsley ; well baked, adding a teaspoonful of best olive oil for each person, when making the dish.

The liquor from steamed fish should be served first, with lemon juice.

Take lemon juice with sardines, and omit the oil. Marie Elisabeth brand, or Peneau's, can be recommended.

Peel-and-pip-water makes an invaluable natural tonic for young and old. Collect the peel and pips of fruit used during the day, and soak overnight, using ample

water. It may be used in all cases where plain water is stated. Make a fresh supply daily.

A teaspoonful or two of Fruit-Syrup may be taken with Cottage Pie, meat, fish, or salad, to assist digestion.

Flesh food is optional ; the body can be adequately supported by the juicy fruit, salad, Fruit-Syrup, Fruit-Sweet, the bread, or biscuits, and olive oil.

It is important to keep to the order of foods as indicated *a, b, c* ; that is to say, fluids or juicy food first, then flesh food, if any ; and starch food, dried fruit, and nuts last.

Boiled vegetables produce flatulence, their nourishing properties and the natural salts having been thrown away.

Lunch and the Evening Meal may be transposed, according to domestic or business circumstances, though, when possible, the dietary should be observed as advised.

Perseverance is essential, with strict adherence to the foregoing instructions, nothing else being taken in foods or treatment unless directed.

Salad requires thorough mastication, and the fibrous residue should not be swallowed in cases of weak digestion. As salad dressing, use olive oil and lemon juice.

Do not drink at meals, the fruit juices and salads affording sufficient fluid. Drink should be taken at a reasonable time before meals.

Avoid coarse-ground bread and bran-preparations ; they excite the functions by irritation, which is against the natural law.

Eggs are potent food ; take them sparingly, if at all. To lightly cook an egg : put it into a pint or more of boiling water, then take the saucepan off the fire, and in about six minutes the egg will be congealed.

To make tea perfectly : Have a dry-hot pot, put in the leaves required, and pour over them about a cupful of freshly-boiled water ; replace the teapot lid at once and pour away the liquor, then add the water which is to make the tea. The first pour-off will be dark, and with it will go the tannin and essential oil which affect digestion.

It is advisable to take flesh food, if at all, at only one meal in the day.

Forms of Treatment

In cases of intestinal inflammation—gastritis, appendicitis, diarrhoea, ulcers, tumours, and cancer—flesh food, if taken at all, should be limited to sardines, mashed thoroughly, with lemon juice, and omitting the oil.

In treating varicose veins, piles, and bladder trouble, fluid should be withheld, on alternate days, or generally, from the afternoon (say from after tea) until the early morning dose of Fruit-Syrup ; or, in severe cases, from mid-day till the following morning. Also, for the two last-named complaints, rectal injections of the mild Liniment are advisable, before retiring, once or twice in a week (but not oftener than twice) for a week or two at a time. This treatment also applies to cases of obstinate constipation or diarrhoea. The particular syringe is obtainable from Woods & Son, Chemists, 50, Bedford Street, Plymouth, for 1s. 8d. post paid.

Sufferers from piles should take only a minimum of fatty food, and avoid hot or heating food and drink.

For nasal catarrh, hay-fever, head colds, and sore throat : rub the extra Liniment behind the ears, and round the neck ; also let a few drops of the mild Liniment trickle through each nostril, using a small spoon, and tilting the head, once a day while the trouble lasts, and otherwise occasionally, as a preventative.

For influenza, bronchitis, asthma, inflammation of the lungs, and consumption : the extra Liniment should be rubbed behind the ears, and over the throat, back, and chest, in adult cases, once or twice a day : and the mild Liniment for children to twelve years old.

For deafness, inner-ear trouble, and weak sight : the extra Liniment rubbed behind the ears, twice or thrice a week. Also, for weak sight, apply a few drops of olive oil to the eyelids, say once or twice a week, before retiring.

For dyspepsia, constipation, diarrhoea, pleurisy, and general gastric disorders : the extra Liniment, rubbed over the abdomen and loins, in adult cases, once or twice a day ; and the mild Liniment for children.

For arthritis, rheumatism, neuritis, sprains, bruises, and swellings : for adults, the extra Liniment, to be rubbed on the affected parts once or twice a day, and the mild quality for children.

For eczema, psoriasis, nettle-rash, chilblains, skin eruptions generally, and varicose veins, the mild Liniment, rubbed or smeared over the affected parts.

Take fatty food very moderately ; it tends to clog the liver. In feeding children bear this especially in mind.

An occasional day on fruit juice only is a sure method of cleansing the blood.

Children show a natural craving for fruit, to obtain the saccharine material for which their muscular activity makes a great demand. The sugar in fruit is preferable to confectionery.

In weaning infants, go cautiously : it requires much judgment to meet the necessary change of dieting. Lessen the breast or bottle feeds by one, or two, each day for a week or so, paying strict attention to the results. Then, should the change succeed, omit a further feed during a few weeks,

and thus gradually withdraw from the breast or bottle routine. Make no drastic excursions in altering the diet. Act with such prudence that the babe avoids an attack of indigestion, for from vomiting, constipation, or diarrhoea serious trouble may develop. A state of malassimilation too often means the interference of purges, enemas, and quack abuses, leading, perhaps, to very serious consequences.

In place of the weaned feeds the following choice of meals may be provided : (1) say half a teaspoonful of Fruit-Syrup, added to a stiffish porridge of Nature's Way Biscuits (made with water just off the boil), the syrup to be mixed when the dish is cooled to blood-heat ; and (2) a half or one biscuit, dry, followed by about half a teaspoonful of Fruit-Sweet ; and (3) a meal of orange or grape juice, or a ripe pear, or scraped or mashed apple, or a portion of ripe banana, mashed with half a teaspoonful of Fruit-Syrup, followed by a piece of biscuit, and half a teaspoonful of Fruit-Sweet ; and (4) a quarter or half a lightly boiled or poached egg, followed by a piece of biscuit and a little Fruit-Sweet.

In this manner a good beginning may be made towards a complete change of diet. Best quality olive oil, or the mild Liniment, should be rubbed over the child's abdomen, back, chest, and throat daily, or morning and night, as a source of actual nourishment, a stimulant to digestion, and a protection against colds.

The specialities referred to are supplied by Wilcocks & Wilcocks, Ltd., 24, Alphington Street, Exeter, and C. A. Watts & Co., Ltd., 5, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4, at the following prices, post paid, to any address in the United Kingdom, cash with order : Fruit-Syrup, Fruit-Sweet, and Nature's Way Biscuits, in 2s. 9d. and 5s. sizes, the mild Liniment 2s. 9d., and the extra strength 3s. 3d.

A Few Hints

After a bath, or sponge down, wipe the skin briskly ; then give it a good smacking, or rubbing, or tapping, with the open hands. Or use a stiff brush, and dry-scrub the body. This will improve the circulation, bringing the blood to the skin and invigorating the whole frame. I have known it to restore the use of the limbs of those who could not walk.

Closet seats are usually too high ; the natural position of evacuation is to squat. Where possible, the feet should rest on a low stool, to bring the knees closer to the abdomen ; or a chamber should be used. The fæces of a healthy person should be inodorous.

In treating constipation, be prepared to go three or four days without a motion, abstaining from physic, aperients, enemas, or douches, and Nature's power will be restored.

Avoid strain in physical exercises : stretch the limbs, rather, and this can be done at any convenient time or place. If health depended upon exercise alone, we should need but to throw ourselves about with sufficient violence to become absolutely fit. The strain of a few moments may undo all the good work of a year or a lifetime.

Breathe deeply, through the nostrils, filling the diaphragm ; and cultivate singing, or whistling, to inflate the lungs and assist digestion.

Remember that sleep is Nature's sweet restorer.

Use discretion respecting the quantities of food to be taken at meals and the number of meals in a day, for hard-and-fast rules cannot be applied generally. Eat until satisfied, remembering that digestion is the secret of good health, and not merely feeding, or we should all be well.

Remember, too, that fresh air is food, and light is life.

Sit or lie before an open fire, when sunshine is lacking, exposing the skin to the glow of what is really liberated sunshine. Fire, like fruit, puts electricity into the system, and draws out pain and impurities.

In feeding children, realize that the young body is a growing structure, requiring hearty nourishment, but avoid excess. Never press food against a child's inclination, as instinct guides a liking or distaste for food. Adults should also bear in mind that the grown body requires no more food than what is necessary to maintain the system in energy and sound repair.

Systematize your mode of living ; treat the body sensibly, just as you would any mechanical contrivance. A few simple habits will help to maintain health, as in (*a*) regularity of evacuation ; (*b*) the attention due to the skin, through bathing, or the sponge-down ; (*c*) bathing the eyes with cold water daily ; (*d*) rubbing the Liniment at the back of the ears and under the chin, say once a week, to loosen wax, and clear the nasal passages of mucus. These slight obligations are easily rendered when dressing or retiring.

A marked effect of right feeding is shown in a rosier hue under the nails, and along the rims of the ears—a sign of cleansed and brighter blood.

Encourage the will for health : Optimist lives at "Sunnyside," and Pessimist at "Cypress Lodge."

Consider it no punishment to forego a meal on occasion. Digestion is slow with civilization ; thus too frequent meals, as commonly taken, become an overlapping burden.

Do not worry about your weight. There is no standard ; animals of a kind are not all equally heavy. Feed wisely, and Nature will adjust your weight. The healthy body is usually lean and muscular. If you feel better—always allowing for a temporary disturbance in the elimination of

impurities—if the fingers have more grip, if you are more cheerful, and more alert in body and mind, depend upon it you are on the mend—the engine is being cleaned—and persevere. Do not be alarmed to see spots, or boils, or ulcers, or a sore or coated tongue, or to have wind, or feelings of languor or weakness, during the cleansing process; Nature will thus be making efforts to expel what is unwanted in the system. Be patient; your trouble may have been growing for many years; is it reasonable, therefore, to expect recovery in a week?

